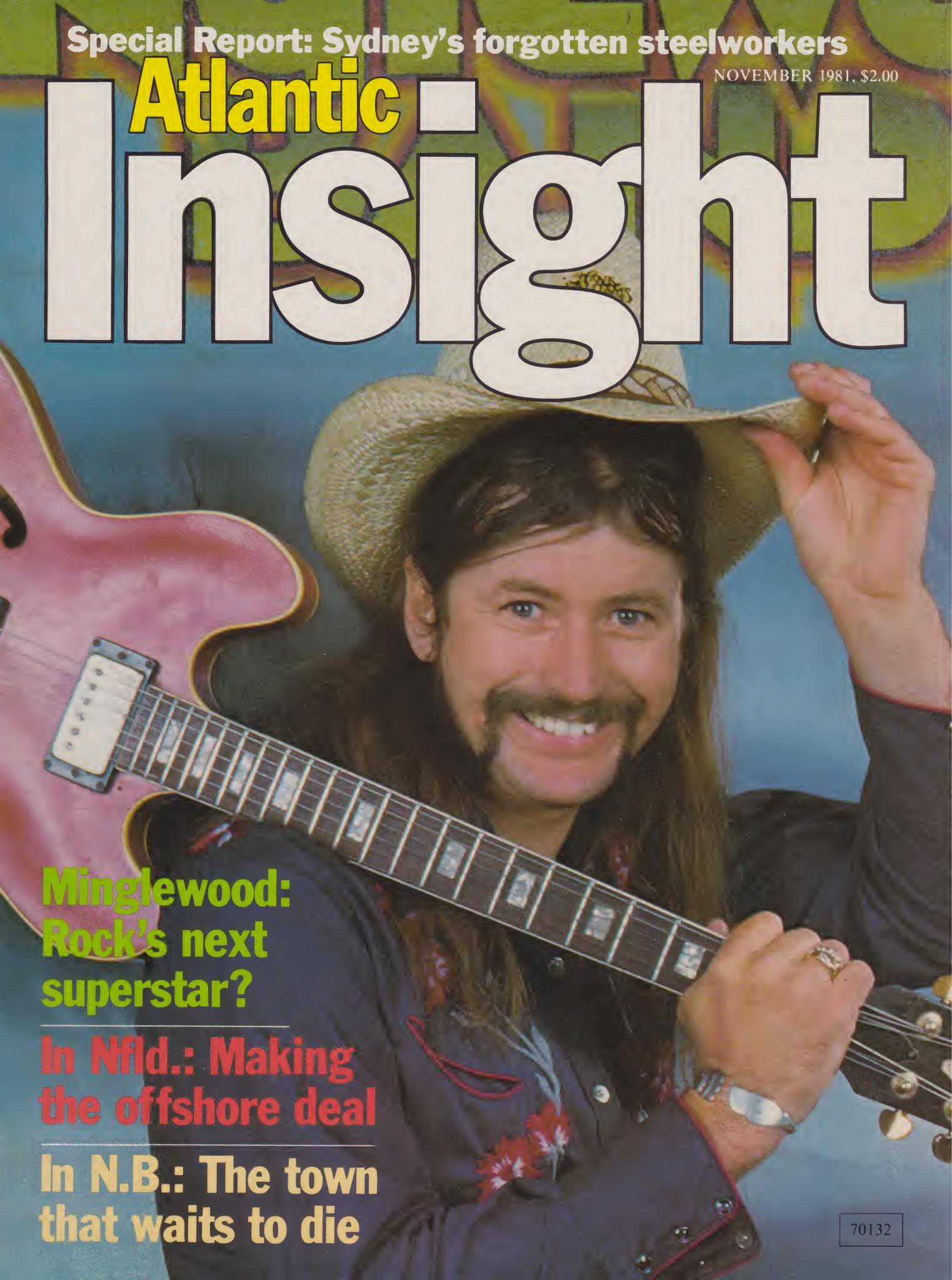


Special Report: Sydney's forgotten steelworkers

NOVEMBER 1981, \$2.00

Atlantic Insight



Minglewood:
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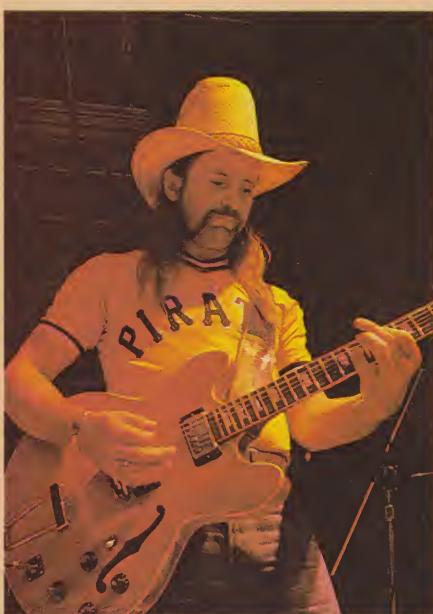
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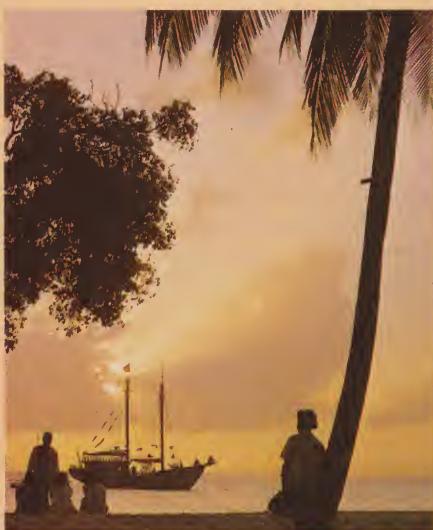
Atlantic Insight

November 1981, Vol. 3 No. 9



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Cover Story: That's Roy Batherson on our cover, better known as Matt Minglewood. His group plays rock-blues, sure, but it's got something else, too: A trace of country, a dollop of Cape Breton, even a wisp of Scotland. Maybe that's why critics call the Minglewood Band one of the best live acts in Canada. By Harris Sullivan
COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL LITTLE



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Special Report: In August, 1977, a coke-oven explosion burned 17 Sydney steelworkers, some hideously. Where are they now, and how are they making out? Freelance writer Parker Barss Donham found out. His story is not pretty

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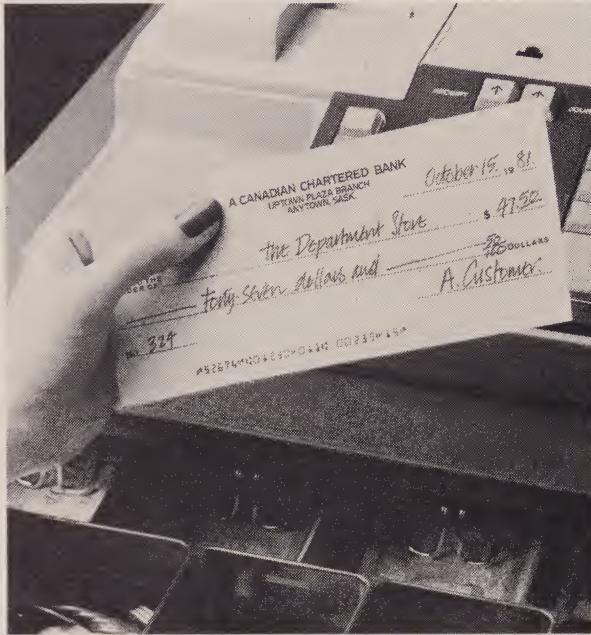
A cheque is a letter.

A cheque is a written order to your bank branch to take a certain amount of money out of your account and pay it to somebody else.

Banks must fill the gap between the debiting of one account and the crediting to another. And they must do so quickly, because when one bank cashes a cheque drawn on another bank, it usually pays out its own money in exchange for the cheque and it wants to be repaid.

To accomplish this, there are 10 clearing houses situated in the major cities across the country. They are in rapid communication with each other and with the central bank (the Bank of Canada) which every day credits or debits each bank's account according to the outcome of that day's clearings.

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Editor's Letter

Exactly one year ago, Harry Bruce wrote his last editor's letter for *Atlantic Insight* announcing my appointment as editor and Stephen Kimber's as managing editor. In both cases the announcement merely made official staff changes which already had been in place for a few months. So it is this November, which seems to be our month for making changes.

After a year of extremely capable service as managing editor, Steve, who came to us with a package of outstanding credits as a freelance magazine writer, has decided that the freelance life is the life for him. I'm glad to say that some of his writing will be done for *Atlantic Insight*. You can look for a major feature with his byline in our next issue and for other features in later editions.

In Steve's place—she's already in his office and behind his desk—is Marian Bruce, our managing editor. We first heard about Marian by letter. A couple of years ago, having decided to chuck her job as copy editor for the *Montreal Gazette* and move back to Prince Edward Island, where she was born, she wrote to us about the possibility of doing some freelance writing for us. Eventually she became our Island correspondent and, last year, when *Atlantic Insight* began producing a series of special supplements, we asked her to edit them for us. So she packed up again and moved to Nova Scotia, renting a little house in Prospect Bay, suitable to the accommodation of the various dogs, cats, crippled birds and other friends of fur and feather who form permanent or transient parts of her *ménage*.

It's part of the folklore around the magazine (assiduously promoted by the editor, among others) that Marian



comes from Montague, P.E.I. She doesn't. She was born in High Bank, 11 km east of Wood Islands, and her parents still live there. But she did go to high school in Montague, boarding in the town because there weren't any school buses. She also went to Prince of Wales College (now part of the University of Prince Edward Island) and was briefly an elementary school teacher.

Her career in journalism began with a reporter's job at the Charlottetown *Guardian*. Later she had a taste of life in British Columbia, liked it, and wrote around to several newspapers asking for a job. (She writes a good letter.) The Prince George *Citizen* made her an offer; she arrived in town on a Friday and moved into a bawdy house. Not intentionally: It was the only "hotel" in town with a room available and she didn't find out about its seamy reputation until later. The *Citizen* was a newspaper in the old style of *The Front Page*. ("We'd get these insane editorial calls at nine in the morning saying 'Don't bother coming in, we're all drunk.' ") But she survived and went on to reporting and editor's jobs at the *Calgary Herald* and *Albertan*, *The Vancouver Sun*, *Weekend magazine* and the *Montreal Gazette*. She also studied political science at the University of Toronto, where one of her fondest memories is of a seminar taught by Marshall McLuhan, and lived in France for six months. And she found, as have many of the people who read this magazine, that an Atlantic Canadian is, at heart, always an Atlantic Canadian.

Back in the mid-Seventies in British Columbia, she'd met a 95-year-old man who'd moved there from P.E.I. in 1906. His one regret was that he'd never gone back to the Island. It was prophetic of the time in her own life when she began to experience "a terrible longing to be home, among my own folk." So now she is. And that's *Atlantic Insight's* gain.



Bruce: "Home, among my own folk"

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Feedback

The digging we didn't do

Your article *The Report Tom Kent Isn't Writing* (July 1981) made for interesting observation, particularly for someone close to the industry. However, we note at one point there is criticism of the Robinson-Blackmore group of papers in the quote "I don't see them going out and digging up stories." The remark is attributed to an unnamed source, which is not only an unfair practice in journalism but an unethical one, professionally, under the circumstances. It would not take much "digging," for instance, to establish that we have a general staff of reporters and that most of our editorial content originates with our staff. I would suggest that our papers over-all generate such an exchange volume of regional and provincial news, feature and editorial material that to have mere access to it is a privilege unknown to many community papers.

*Doyle Roberts,
Managing Director and
Vice-President
Robinson-Blackmore Printing
& Publishing Ltd.
Gander, Nfld.*

Househusband with machismo

Josh Beutal is surely an example to be set for the Modern Male (*Josh Beutal: Have Pen, Will Skewer*, Aug./Sept. 1981). Though confident in his talent and ambitious to pursue his art career, Josh nevertheless donated time to Community Arts Centre school workshops and fundraising activities when he lived in Sackville. At the same time, he patiently cared for two healthy, attention-demanding preschoolers. Men, mind your machismo; how many of you can claim such courage, confidence, and cool while being a househusband?

*Edith H. Miller
Sackville, N.B.*

Yes, there is a Newfoundland

The CP Air advertisement in the July 1981 issue carries the statement "CP Air Empress class on all our flights, all across Canada from Halifax to Vancouver." Newfoundlanders accept the ignorance of other Canadians, who too frequently state that Canada stretches from Halifax to Vancouver. However, when a publication which claims to represent Atlantic Canada prints such a statement, it is inexcusable. I believe that all Newfoundlanders who purchased your magazine are owed an apology.

*K. Martin
Gander, Nfld.*

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Feedback

Guy hits the spot

Your magazine is the only one that I read from back to front. This is entirely due to Ray Guy's column. *Country Comfort's a Penthouse in the City* (July 1981) had me guffawing so loudly, I woke up the children. His humor gets right to my funny bone and gives it a good, sharp knock.

Linda Walsh
Scoudouc, N.B.

Close, Ray Guy, close (July 1981), but then again, the homestead is paid for (who would have given you a mortgage anyway on the old wreck?), the solar works fine, and the freezer is full, so you can blow the *Harrowsmith* cheque on a trip to the city if you are that nostalgic for the old life.

Alice Nangeroni
Digby, N.S.

Emotional journalism

Suzanne Babin's heart is in the right place, but her pen is counter-productive to her cause (*Atlantic Canada's Forgotten Women*, The Region, June). To suggest that women aged 55 to 64 in Atlantic Canada are deficient, disabled and depressed does an injustice to the corporate managers, community leaders and top-notch grandmothers among them. Statements such as "While many of the women still have children, none of them have jobs" and "Most women left alone simply cannot cope" are inexcusable examples of emotional journalism. Loneliness and poverty have no age, sex or geographical boundaries. This kind of well-intended but lopsided journalism we can do without.

Joanne Burke
Charlottetown

Atlantic Insight is tops in my log book, and your Editor's Letter in the June issue on Atlantic Canada's forgotten people is something storekeepers should read. The senior citizen's card is just not of any use to us in 95% of the stores.

Mrs. Barry Wentzell
Eagle Head, N.S.

With love from Alberta

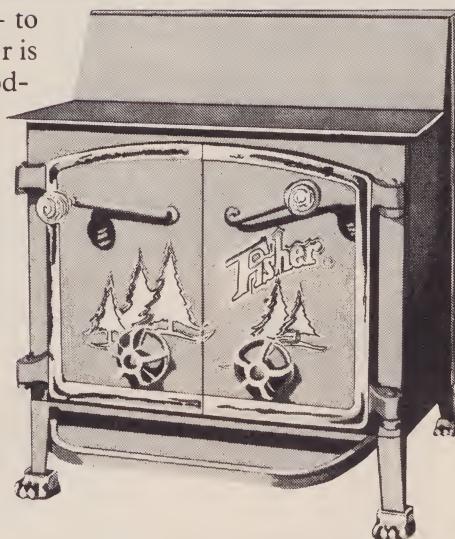
After reading your fine magazine for many months, it occurred to me that I should take a trip to your region to see the beauty myself. My wife and I will never forget our trip. I was more than awed by the scenery, the people and the hospitality we received. We were most impressed by Pictou, N.S. Its mixture of history, the sea and friendly people must make it a candidate for your Small Towns section. This is one westerner who has nothing but praise for the Atlantic provinces.

James R. Wagner
Edmonton, Alta.

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The Region



DAVID NICHOLS

Billard: Too many boats, plants, fishermen

A grim year for the fishery

For the entire fishing industry in Atlantic Canada, 1981 was a disaster they'd just as soon forget—if only they were sure 1982 would be better

By Ralph Surette

The codfish off Newfoundland didn't migrate near the shore. The herring in the Bay of Fundy were small and oily. The Gulf of St. Lawrence herring fishery was closed to seiners because of lack of fish. The price for groundfish collapsed, setting off a three-week strike by Nova Scotia draggermen. And 10 fish plants in the Atlantic region shut down in August, putting nearly 4,000 plant workers out of work.

For the east coast fishery, 1981 has been one long disaster. Things are so bad, according to Allan Billard, executive director of the Eastern Fishermen's Federation (EFF), that when the fish companies said they were losing money, the fishermen actually believed it. As if to prove that nothing could go right, whenever there was a bumper crop—as there was of groundfish on the Scotian shelf and herring in parts of Northumberland Strait—it just put more pressure on flooded markets and kept prices low.

Oily herring and codfish that don't show up can be accounted for by the cyclical mysteries of biology. The rest derives from the fiercer cycles of economics. Costs have risen savagely. The fishing industry borrows heavily

to pay for plants, boats and gear, and interest rates are murder. So are fuel costs. Rising oil prices drive up the cost of gear—benzene-based ropes, nets, seines. And the markets are hexed. Fish consumption is down in the U.S. (which still buys up to 80% of Atlantic provinces fish despite efforts to find other markets); the important Spanish market is closed in a dispute over Spanish cod quotas; and European tariffs remain high.

People used to eat more fish in hard times because it was cheaper than beef. Not anymore. The cost of getting the fish to market is so high, the price "is right up there with beef, with the best red beef," says Gus Etchegarry, president of Fishery Products Ltd. of St. John's and of the Fisheries Council of Canada. "It's 99 cents for a portion of good red beef, 99 cents for a portion of good fish, 69 cents for a portion of pork and 49 cents for a portion of poultry."

Poor markets made U.S. buyers stop holding long-term inventories, which now have to be held by Canadian fish companies at punishing interest rates. The low Canadian dollar, a gold mine for exporters a couple of years ago, is helping very little now. The Scandinavian currencies have dropped

even more than ours, and they're our main competitors in the U.S. market.

It's tough on the fish companies. But the fisherman has to accept lower prices from the companies "while getting killed on the cost side himself," says Ed Wong, head of marketing services for the Department of Fisheries and Oceans. Last spring, a drop in haddock prices to 17 cents a pound kept the draggers of western Nova Scotia on strike in May and June. "So," says Wong, "you have a combination of problems: The processors can't pay the price, and the fishermen can't live with the price."

To make matters worse, there are too many boats and too many fish plants, leading to inefficiency at a time when international competition demands efficiency. When Canada declared its 200-mile limit, the number of fish plants in the Atlantic region tripled from 215 a couple of years before the 200-mile limit to 600 now. The amount of fish caught increased to 1.2 million tonnes from 800,000. The number of boats increased to 34,000 from 29,000, with many of the new boats being far larger than the old ones. There are 60,000 fishermen now compared to 40,000 then, and 25,000 fish plant workers compared to 14,000 before.

"The numbers!" exclaims Etchegarry. "It's not an efficient industry, and it's not possible to extract from the

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The Region

marketplace enough money to give everybody the quality of life they expect." Estimates done for the Economic Council of Canada this summer claim that an efficient fishery could be worth an extra \$1 billion.

Spokesmen for the bigger fish companies maintain that the fishery is managed for "social" rather than "economic" reasons and that must stop; the fishery cannot be a welfare system for every outport. "It's a wicked misconception," says Peter John Nicholson, a vice-president at H.B. Nickerson and

Sons, "to keep an industry in an antique state of technology as a way to social progress. More economic surplus would surely in the long run generate more economic activity."

Is the call for "efficiency" and an "economic fishery" just a torch to the inshore fishery and the people and communities that depend on it? Is it really a call for centralization—more products through the big plants and big boats at the expense of the small? Federal Fisheries Minister Roméo LeBlanc's policy has been to build the

post-200-mile-limit fishery mainly for the benefit of the inshore, thus solving a 100-year-old problem—the near bondage of small fishermen to the fish companies. Most of the new quotas since 1977 have gone to the inshore fishermen; the inshore fleet was allowed to expand while the number of trawlers was frozen; inshoremen were allowed to sell fish to foreigners over-the-side. Is that policy about to be reversed, as the federal government moves to increase quotas to the offshore fleet and to patch up relations with the companies?

The major inshore groups have grown in power and professionalism, so they feel far less threatened than they used to. Will federal policy change to favor the large companies and harm the inshore fishery? "No, we don't have that concern," says Des McGrath, assistant to the president at the Newfoundland Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers Union. "Here in Newfoundland there are too many inshore fishermen to be threatened." Besides, Ottawa denies that it's changing its policy.

But the problem of too many boats, too many fish plants, too many fish plant workers and fishermen remains. Donald Tansley, deputy minister to LeBlanc, says the growth of the industry eventually will help solve that problem. In the meantime, Ottawa accounted a freeze this summer on boat size (you couldn't replace your existing boat with a bigger one), and for the first time in a long time, the inshore fishermen—not the offshore ones—were shaking their fists at Ottawa. The feds also cut off DREE grants for new fish plants, and dropped boatbuilding subsidies from 35% to 25%. Ottawa may also buy back the idled Gulf of St. Lawrence seiner fleet (the federal government has been buying back lobster boats and licences for some time; on the Pacific coast it has been buying back boats from all fisheries in the hope of shaving back the fleet).

To the inshore fishermen it's not so much a policy as a muddle. One interesting development in the fishery is that the romance is off between the inshore fishermen and Roméo LeBlanc.

"We're concerned that there's very little leadership from Roméo LeBlanc any more," Des McGrath says. Allan Billard says fishermen "are cooling towards Roméo because he's running out of fresh ideas." The minister's policies, he says, are "ad hoc" and changeable, and fishermen can't make long-range plans. Billard also accuses LeBlanc of being paternalistic. "What

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The Region

he's tried very hard to do in the last seven years is professionalize and make sort of owner-operators of all the fishermen," Billard says. "He taught them how to talk, as it were, but now he doesn't like what they're saying."

What they're saying is that they're angry because they can't expand anymore. "Fishermen don't like to be told they can't expand," Billard says. "It's all right to come to that rationale yourself. But dammit if I've got a 45-foot boat, don't tell me I can't go to a 48-boat ever. I don't like to be

told that."

No one's thanking LeBlanc anymore for building up the inshore fishery. Many fishermen now feel they were drawn to an industry with supposedly unlimited potential, only to find that the limits have been exceeded.

The fishing industry is anxious to put 1981 behind and forget it. But the bad years are the milestone ones, when anger and frustration lead to new directions and new policies. The last one like it was 1974, when processors were losing 20 cents a pound, foreign

fleets were scouring the bottom and it looked as though the fishery was on the rocks. At that time, the federal government came up with about \$200 million in subsidies. (That's impossible now. The Americans are touchy about subsidies and might retaliate.) And the anger that built up ultimately led to the 200-mile limit.

For 1982, possible solutions are less obvious. The one idea that holds some promise is called the "transferable property rights" concept. Instead of imposing quotas on the offshore fleet as a whole, the government would impose them on individual companies. Last winter, the offshore fleet caught much of its quota for the year within a few weeks. Fish companies competed to catch fish as quickly as possible, piling up so much it could not all be filleted. The huge catches also helped flood markets and depress prices and worsened the conditions that led to the closure of the fish plants this summer.

If individual companies had property rights to a certain tonnage of fish, they could catch their quotas at times of year when they need the fish most. This fall, Ottawa was considering using the system in 1982. The fish companies are enthusiastic about the proposal, which was suggested last spring by the Economic Council of Canada. But applying the new system to the inshore fishery, where thousands of boats are involved, would be difficult.

The EFF believes things would be a lot easier if it could bargain for quotas and prices with the large companies on behalf of inshore fishermen. Having bargaining power would also secure the position of the EFF and the inshoremen generally, Billard feels, so that "we wouldn't have to worry who wins the next federal election" and whether a change in government might bring drastic policy changes.

If salvation is around, it isn't obvious. But then it never is in the darkest gloom. Fish prices have a way of rising quickly, and some people see them rising in early 1982. Ed Wong predicts a rosy long-term future for the fishery. His figures show that the world will need a great deal of fish protein in five years, and Canada has it.

But the long view is always rosy. Peter John Nicholson says: "Some are not even optimistic in the long run; they say Canada will lose absolutely because of endemic problems of deficient demand and high tariffs."

On the whole, it seems as though the bright promise of the 200-mile limit keeps getting farther away all the time. But maybe next year.

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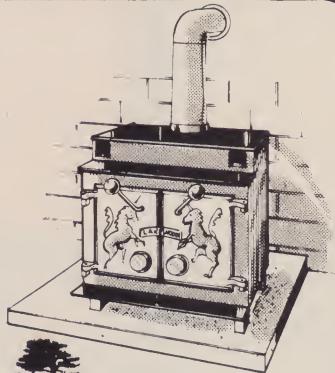
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Nova Scotia

The strathspeys recede at CJFX

Generations of listeners grew up on the Antigonish, N.S., radio station's Scottish music. But the Top 40 tide is rising

Picture yourself cruising some lonely Maritime highway deep on a winter's evening. Pick out the strongest radio signal you can find and chances are you won't know where it's coming from. Is that Bridgewater, N.S., or Buffalo, N.Y.? Fort Wayne, Ind., or Fredericton, N.B.? Any inveterate dial twister can tell you the story: Atlantic radio stations share such a numbing sameness with their counterparts across the continent that you have to wait for a place name or some random reference to A & K Lick-a-Chick or Dover Flour before you know these are down-home folk bringing you the latest cut from Wings.

There is one exception to this homogenized, pasteurized, made-in-Los Angeles format: CJFX in Antigonish, N.S. Virtually alone among private radio stations, CJFX clings to a few vestiges of local character. Its prime-time announcers twang unashamedly in local accents. And it features a daily, 15-minute program of Scottish fiddle music, much of it performed by fiddlers who grew up within the station's broadcast signal.

But some people think CJFX isn't different enough. They complain that the station is forsaking the Scottish music revival it did so much to encourage. Community groups ranging from the Cape Breton Fiddlers' Association to the Inverness County Municipal Tourist Committee have formed the Committee of Concern for Improved Scottish Music Programming on CJFX. "We've noticed a dramatic change in your program format," wrote Donna Davis of Inverness and Joey Beaton of Mabou in a letter to station

manager Dave MacLean, "a shift from Scottish oriented to strictly contemporary broadcast performance."

When two meetings between MacLean and the committee failed to resolve the issue last summer, the protest grew more rancorous. The committee submitted a list of 20 proposals urging the station to "curtail its recent promotion of loud, offensive, frequently immoral rock music" and "increase its Scottish music broadcast time to 60 minutes a day" including a daily half-hour program and "five six-minute selections to be aired at other times throughout the day."



Davis: "Curtail offensive rock music"

MacLean denies leading any retreat from the Highlands. "We're doing everything we can to reinforce our position vis-à-vis Scottish music programming," he says. "I still feel at a loss as to why they should think we're backing off." At the same time, MacLean claims that Scottish music isn't all that popular anyway. "There's either a positive reaction to it or a very, very negative reaction to it."

If MacLean is not sympathetic, station board chairman Leo MacIntyre, a provincial court judge from Glace Bay, is less so. "We live in the 20th

century," MacIntyre says. "How can we afford to be different and still exist? It's nice to talk about running it like the United Appeal, but we have to pay salaries."

Part of the problem is that most of CJFX's listeners—and virtually all of its advertisers—come from Antigonish, where the passion for Scottish culture is less fervent than it is along the west coast of Cape Breton. Still, a survey conducted by the committee of concern showed that less than 1.5% of the station's broadcast day was devoted to Scottish music. Aside from Gus MacKinnon's nightly 15 minutes of *Scottish Strings*, ethnic selections are confined to the early morning hours. For the rest of the day, it's the usual blend of pop, rock and country.

The reason listeners in rural Cape Breton expect CJFX to be different is that it always has been different. Founded in 1943 by a group of priests, it served as propaganda organ for the co-operative crusades of Father Moses Coady and the St. Francis Xavier extension department. St. F.X. was the original licence holder, and Father Ernest "Smiley" Clark, a physics professor, built the first transmitter. Gradually, professorial lectures and Peoples' School broadcasts fell by the wayside. The one trace of the past that remained was the station's commitment to Scottish music, a commitment that had a strong influence on Cape Breton musicians. "You were learning to have confidence in your music," songwriter Allister MacGillivray said in a recent issue of *Cape Breton's Magazine*. "If you don't hear your music on the radio, you begin to think maybe there's something wrong with it, maybe it's not good enough to be on the radio."

With negotiations at a stalemate, the committee has lodged a formal complaint with the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission. It hopes to use a hearing on the station's recent application to drop CBC programming (the CBC is starting up an FM transmitter in the area) to press its case for more Scottish music. But a CRTC administrator doubts whether the commissioners would entertain such testimony during a routine disaffiliation proceeding. Given the CRTC's track record, committee members shouldn't be too optimistic. After all, can a commission that lets every other private AM station pitch its programming at slack-jawed, vacant-eyed teenie-boppers be expected to push strathspeys and slow airs? Like it or not, Scottish music buffs may find they are powerless to slow CJFX's transition into just another CHUM-on-the-Bras d'Or.

— Parker Barss Donham

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An illustration featuring two women in business attire standing in front of a detailed sketch of a multi-story building with multiple windows and awnings. The woman on the left is wearing a light-colored blazer over a dark top and dark trousers, carrying a small handbag. The woman on the right is wearing a dark blazer over a patterned top and dark trousers. Both are looking towards the viewer. The background includes decorative scrollwork at the top corners of the frame.

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Newfoundland and Labrador

The oil talks: Our turn to look tough—and have hope

Negotiations with Ottawa mean things are looking up, even though they're bad. That's what Peckford says, anyway

As Newfoundland sat down with Ottawa last month to negotiate joint management of offshore oil and gas, Premier Brian Peckford was vigorously priming the public. Hibernia, he said, would produce 3,000 barrels of oil for every Newfoundlander, and it would be only the beginning. An offshore petroleum industry, he said, was Newfoundland's only real shot at plenty of new jobs. It would mean money to build better water systems for fish plants, community fish stages, paved roads.

This pitch was an extraordinary bit of expectation-raising in the face of what Newfoundlanders know will be a hard winter. Layoffs at mines, fish plants and trawler ports had virtually wiped out employment gains in the offshore industry. The collapse of the inshore fishery had had both governments scrambling to set up make-work projects to keep fishermen off welfare. On the very day that Newfoundland Energy Minister Leo Barry quit cabinet—Peckford's refusal to let him head the team negotiating with Ottawa brought a long rivalry to a head—Finance Minister John Collins was trying to raise \$60 million in Paris to tide the province over till spring.

Meanwhile, Nova Scotia and British Columbia are also trying to reach agreements with Ottawa by next February. But since Newfoundland has both a stronger legal case on ownership of the resources and excellent known reserves and finds, it'll probably hang tougher than the other two. Here's a rundown of the big points the negotiating teams are discussing during a news blackout:

Money: If Ottawa sticks by its offer to take only the taxes and royalties it would take if the resources were on land, then revenue sharing may be just a matter of crunching numbers, not principles. The ticklish part is equalization. As the provinces gain oil and gas revenues, how much must they *lose* in transfer payments, and how quickly? How much resource revenue can they reap without losing the "have-not" status that entitled them to huge federal

payments?

Joint management: Talks came about only after both sides agreed to lay aside legal claims to ownership. So far as *management* goes, Newfoundland and B.C. (less so Nova Scotia) still feel Ottawa should simply delegate its rights to the provincial energy ministries. After all, they argue, it's the provinces that'll end up dealing with the effects of development. But since Ottawa energy bureaucrats will be loath to concede territory, there may be a compromise: A joint agency or Crown corporation, with veto power for both sides.



Offshore oil rig

Rate of development: Right from the issuing of exploration permits, Newfoundland wants substantial control. Once oil is ready to flow, the political and economic pressure to get it ashore will be tremendous. But Newfoundland wants to stage field development carefully, to stretch out the benefits for its people, and to keep the economy from overheating.

Influence over spinoffs: Newfoundland's four-year-old oil and gas regulations give it a broad say in how the industry operates in its waters, in everything from who works on the rigs to how the oil comes ashore. Ottawa has agreed with the principles behind these

regulations—to maximize local benefits and minimize damage—and, indeed, has been writing its own regulations.

Onshore processing: While Barry was Energy minister, he told the industry to forget about the offshore if it couldn't refine some of the oil in the province. The problem is Come By Chance: Petro-Canada now owns the mothballed refinery, so the federal government also has a vested interest in getting Hibernia crude refined there. But reactivating it will cost several hundred million dollars. If Newfoundland stays adamant about getting this spinoff, it may have to trade in something else.

Back-ins: Back-in rights are what governments give themselves to ensure they continue to profit in the industry. The year-old National Energy Program gives Petrocan a 25% share in all frontier finds, including the offshore. Newfoundland's regulations offer PetroNewf (the Newfoundland and Labrador Petroleum Corporation) 40% of the action off its shores. Somebody has to give here, and the key could be a tradeoff on Come By Chance. Newfoundland could relinquish some of its participation in exchange for a promise from Petrocan that some of its back-in revenues would go to getting the refinery running.

Canadianization: The provinces don't much care who develops their oil and gas, as long as it's done the way they want. But they don't like the generous Canadian-content incentives of the National Energy Program because these discourage exploration on provincial lands. If Ottawa agrees to extend the definition of "Canada lands" to cover *all* Crown-owned acreage, the coastal provinces won't have trouble accepting the idea of increased Canadian ownership in the offshore industry.

The federal-provincial atmosphere was so sour after talks on the constitution breakdown that, only a year ago, a settlement of the offshore dispute seemed impossible. But in politics, nothing is impossible. A negotiated settlement by next spring, Peckford now says, "would have the potential to transform the present economic downturn into an economic upsurge."

— Amy Zierler



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New Brunswick

God rest ye merry, McAdam

Trouble is, this town on the Maine border hasn't much to be merry about. Please Santa, bring jobs

For most of this century, McAdam, N.B., was known as a Canadian Pacific rail town. Five years ago, it became known as a Georgia Pacific mill town. Next month it may become known as The Little Town That Santa Claus Forgot.

"Christmas is a big problem for all of us," says Gary Blair, 28, one of 274 workers who lost their jobs last March when McAdam's only major industry, the Georgia Pacific plywood mill, shut down. "It's going to be pretty grim." Gary and his wife, Diane, have been subsisting on unemployment insurance, a \$300 cheque every second week. "We use the first cheque to pay the mortgage," he says, "and the second one for food and utilities." Little remains for luxuries such as heating oil. There's even less to buy Christmas gifts for their five-year-old daughter, Tanya. Most families in town have the same problem.

McAdam is located in a heavily wooded area near the Maine border, 56 km north of St. Stephen. Its population is about 2,000 and dropping fast. The village was born with the CPR, and in its steam-engine heyday, McAdam had 650 railway employees. Sixteen passenger trains stopped there daily. Off the main street is the grandest rural train station in America, a 285-foot, granite building that looks like a little castle. The station has been declared a historic site. In a few years, without new industry, McAdam itself may pass into history.

Georgia Pacific, a company based in Oregon, opened its \$25-million mill in December, 1976, when people in McAdam were becoming increasingly worried over the loss of CPR jobs, down to 250 by then. Georgia Pacific owns 350,000 acres of forest around McAdam and uses them to supply its mills in Woodland, Me. The provincial government told the company in 1974 it could best assure a "free flow" of wood to the U.S. by putting a mill in McAdam.

Georgia Pacific has given two reasons for closing the mill. First, the price of plywood dropped too low. When interest rates went up, the demand for plywood in construction jobs went down. Second, the high-quality veneer logs needed for economic plywood production were in chronic short supply.

Besides the mill jobs, McAdam this year lost dozens more railway jobs when the CPR moved the remnants of its McAdam repair and marshalling operations to Saint

John. Only a "corporal's guard" of CPR employees remain in the village, union official Kenneth Essensa says, and most of the workers who transferred to Saint John are having a hard time. "They are renting apartments or boarding in addition to keeping up their homes in McAdam," he says. "It's costing several hundred dollars a month, and that's not tax deductible. We can't sell our homes because you couldn't get anything for them."

The effect of the layoffs and transfers has devastated McAdam's business community. Teresa Little is throwing in the towel on the clothing store she and her husband operated for 20 years. "I cancelled all my fall orders," she says. "Business was off well over 50%." The real crunch won't come until the UIC cheques run out. Several workers have already left for western Canada, but most families have deep roots in McAdam and dread the prospect of relocating.

If McAdam dies, it won't go without a fight. Mayor Frank Carroll, 34, who is also vice-principal of the village high school, has been banging on doors of the provincial and federal governments since the mill closing was announced. "I found that, when the mill went down, if I wanted any help, I had to go out and get it," he says. "I teach school, and I was spending two days a week in

Fredericton knocking on doors, saying, 'Will somebody come out and help us?' Premier Richard Hatfield met with Georgia Pacific directors, and the Department of Regional Economic Expansion, which had given Georgia Pacific \$2.1 million on condition it operate in McAdam for three years (it did), began mentioning the town to firms looking for grants. Together, the two governments managed to scrounge up make-work projects to provide 28 temporary jobs.

For Carroll, that's not good enough. The school board has excused him from his teaching duties for the time being, and he's working almost full-time on his save-McAdam crusade.

He just might win. Walter Lounder, local president of the Canadian Paperworkers' Union, says that when Georgia Pacific officials first broke the news of the

mill closing, they said the mill would not reopen; but in July, after union members picketed a Georgia Pacific board meeting in St. Andrews, company chairman Robert Flowerree of Portland, Ore., gave workers some hope. "His answer was that if he had to give an answer right then, it would definitely not open," Lounder says. "But he would give an answer by the end of the year, one way or another."

Like the children of McAdam, the adults are making up Christmas wish lists. Mayor Carroll says they want a steam-engine-drawn train to carry tourists between St. Andrews and McAdam. They want some CPR boxcars to repair. They want a large plant to manufacture protective cabs for industrial equipment (this would involve expansion of an existing plant employing 18, run by an Essex, Mass., firm). But most of all, they want to hear some glad tidings from Robert Flowerree, chairman of Georgia Pacific.

— Jon Everett



A grim Christmas for the Blairs

JACK CUSANO

Should you drink if you're pregnant?

The question is very much in the news these days.

Studies are being done in many countries to determine the effect of alcohol on unborn children, but because the investigation is still so young, and because mothers' lifestyles are so varied, medical people have yet to reach a unanimous conclusion.

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After all, nothing is more worth celebrating than the birth of a healthy child.

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Is there life after Angus?

Angus MacLean wasn't one of the more dynamic premiers of P.E.I., but he'll be a hard act to follow. Can Island Tories win the next election without him?

When Angus MacLean announced this summer he would be resigning soon as premier of Prince Edward Island, a member of his own caucus observed wryly that it was one of the few significant things the premier had done in three years in office. "Angus opened his eyes long enough to resign," joked Summerside Tory MLA Peter Pope.

Pope's remarks reflected a general feeling on the Island that it hasn't exactly been a dynamic three years. Faced with a controversial issue, MacLean's strategy has been to delay doing anything for as long as possible, in hopes the problem would go away.

But the strategy worked. MacLean's low-profile style, combined with his affable, wise-grandfather personality, appeared to be exactly what Island voters wanted. Among Tory supporters, there's concern that his departure may also signal the end of the brief Tory reign on the Island. At the very least, the new leader chosen this month will have a hard act to follow. As if in recognition of MacLean's clout, the four candidates—Tourism, Industry and Energy Minister Barry Clark, Health Minister Jim Lee, Education Minister Fred Driscoll and Community Affairs Minister Pat Binns—emulated the premier's low-key, gentlemanly style throughout the leadership campaign.

The question is whether the new leader—and new premier—will come close to duplicating MacLean's ability to keep the party together and win a provincial election that may be held as early as next spring. "It's hard to imagine anybody being able to unite the party like Angus can," one prominent Tory says. One of MacLean's strengths was the loyalty he inspired among his cabinet. If there were disagreements in cabinet, it never showed in public. "Half the cabinet would jump out the window if he told them to," a Conservative insider says.

The Liberals, thrown into opposition in 1979 for the first time in 13 years, are drawing considerable comfort from the Tory leadership change-over. "Even with what little Angus did do, he could call an election right now,

and he would win it for the Conservatives," Prince County Liberal MLA Robert Campbell says. "I don't know if anyone can keep the Conservatives together like Angus can."

Among voters of a variety of political stripes, there appeared to be genuine sadness when MacLean, 67, announced that, in accordance with a personal five-year plan he'd set up, he was leaving politics to return to "a more simple life" on his mixed farm in Lewes, in southeastern P.E.I. "It will be hard to find a man like Angus MacLean again," one Islander observed in a newspaper man-on-the-street survey. "He was one smart politician." "It's sad to see MacLean resign," another said.

MacLean's popularity stemmed partly from the fact that he exemplified some of the most cherished features of Island life. In a world of plastic shopping malls, fast food and agribusiness,

the pipe-smoking premier is old-fashioned, solid, unabashedly in love with the Island's red soil, its traditions and its small, close-knit communities. He also had the kind of political experience that inspired confidence in his ability to deal with the feds: He spent 25 years in Ottawa as a member of Parliament, six of them as Fisheries minister in the Diefenbaker government.

Charlottetown lawyer John McQuaid, Conservative party president on the Island and MacLean's campaign manager in 1979, concedes that Island Tories owe much to MacLean for leading them out of the political wilderness. At the same time, though, McQuaid maintains that the new leader won't significantly change the government's direction, especially in fields such as energy, land control and the economy.

The Tories don't have to call an election for at least another two years. The betting is, however, that Island voters will be going to the polls before the spring session of the legislature. An early election, the theory goes, would give the new Tory leader a head start in pulling the party to victory. Not through the new leader's own strengths—but on the sturdy coat-tails of Angus MacLean. — Rob Dykstra



MacLean: Leaving politics for "a more simple life" on the farm

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Cover Story



The band built a reputation on energetic stage shows

Six for the road

Canadian rock music critics call the Minglewood Band one of the best live acts in the country. What they need now is the hit single that could spell superstardom. And that, friends and neighbors, is what that good ol' Cape Breton boy Matt Minglewood had in mind all along

By Harris Sullivan

On this warm August evening, there's not even a whisper of a breeze in a river outlet that feeds into Big Bras d'Or Lake in the heart of Cape Breton. A heron skims across the calm water, the sound of its wings breaking the perfect silence. From a pine tree, a bald eagle watches curiously as three figures in a leaky rowboat stare at the bottom of the river.

Roy Batherson, otherwise known as Matt Minglewood, is looking for oysters with his daughter, Ainsley, 4, and son, Shane, 2. "I see one, Daddy," Ainsley shouts, and her father reaches

down to the muddy bottom. "It's only a rock," he says, tossing it back. "But keep looking."

In this tranquil, picture-postcard scene, Batherson looks a little out of place. With his shoulder-length hair, sweeping mustache and giant cowboy hat, he looks as though he belongs more in the bars, arenas and concert halls where rock music fans gather, and where he's known as Matt Minglewood, leader of one of the most respected rock bands in Canada. But this tall, pleasant, slightly pudgy 34-year-old is also a Cape Bretoner, and on this brief holiday from the road,

he's soaking up all his home province has to offer.

The Minglewood Band does as many as 325 live shows a year, mostly across Canada. The busy road schedule helps sell records—the band owns two Canadian gold records, signifying sales of at least 50,000 for each album. But it means that the musicians' posh, \$20,000 van is their main home and the highway their backyard. On a rare week off, Minglewood loves to come back to Cape Breton, to the family he sees all too infrequently.

Today he's on an all-day cruise on Big Bras d'Or with his wife, Babs, and his parents, Hugh and Anne Batherson, on the 42-foot Cape Islander Hugh built. Heading for the Washabuck River inlet, Minglewood sits behind the wheel. His children, nestled beside him, scream with excitement when the boat bounces over a heavy wave in the choppy lake. "I need this," he says. "I've been a road musician for a long time, and if I couldn't get home for

days like this, I don't think I could hack it at all. The road is still fun. I never travelled when I was a kid. I've seen a lot of places as a musician, but the travelling wears you down."

On the stern of the Cape Islander, sipping rum and soaking up the scenery that never bores them, Hugh and Anne Batherson talk about their recent, two-year experience in Zambia, where Hugh, a retired CN maintenance assistant supervisor, helped get a new railway operating. And they talk about their musician son, the third of seven children. They wanted him to become a priest or an electrician. "Of course, we're proud of him," his mother says, "but..." Her voice trails away. "I still think he should have been an electrician," his father says. "He was always good at music. He got it from my father. But let's face it, he's in a tough business, and he's not getting any younger. If he doesn't make it big soon, what's he going to do when he gets to be 40?" The Bathersons have seen their son perform, but his band isn't their kind of act. They like the old-time fiddle music Minglewood was weaned on in Cape Breton.

Later, after his father takes the wheel and the Cape Islander continues its bounding ride over the lake, Minglewood recalls how his grandfather taught him Gaelic songs when he was five, songs he would sing in community concerts around Cape Breton while still a youngster. "Mostly, I remember the fiddle," he says. "I'd be mesmerized by the sounds I'd hear sitting on his knee. I knew even then that I had to play something."

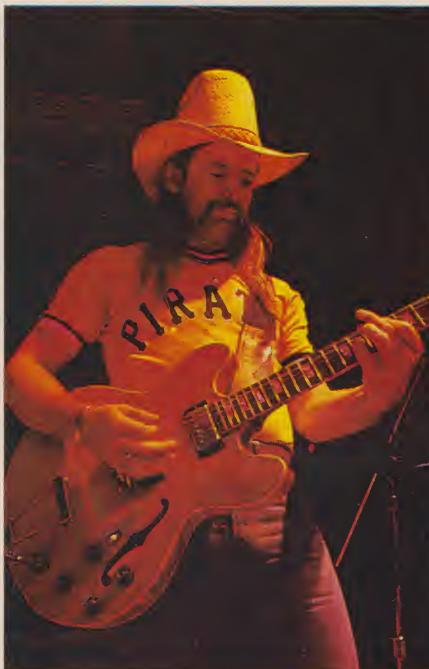
And he did, starting in the most unlikely place—the CN shipyards in Moncton, where the Bathersons lived for six years and where Minglewood was born. "I'd pick up those steel pipes in the shipyards," he says, "and I'd blow all these different sounds and sometimes tunes. I wanted to be a musician." As he got older, he took piano lessons in North Sydney, where the family eventually settled. He hated practising and was no child prodigy. But by the time he reached his teens, he had taught himself guitar and organ and was performing in a local rock group called The Rocking Saints. For a short time, he considered the priesthood. Then he took an electrician's course but eventually dropped it to concentrate on music.

He likes to tell about the time his ego was shattered by a big American rock group that arrived in North Sydney for a show. "I was just getting into music seriously, and I was dying to try out this classy B3 organ this band had. I had never played one. So one day after work, I showed up at the club in my greasy work clothes and asked

them to let me play a few licks. So I did my thing for a couple of minutes. Out of the blue, the organ player, who had been listening, stops me and says, 'Keep your day job, boy. You got no talent.' I tell you, it really hurt, 'cause I took my music seriously. I often wonder where he is today."

Undaunted, Minglewood hooked up with a popular Cape Breton singer, Sam Moon, to form one of the hot bands on the east coast. In 1977, after nearly eight years together, the co-leaders were heading in different musical directions—Moon to rhythm and blues, Minglewood to a variety of styles. The two split, and Minglewood formed his present band, which includes some members of the old one.

With the extensive experience Minglewood Band has soaked up over



Matt still loves country music

the years, it's not surprising that rock critics across the country consider the group one of the best live acts in the business. But the band has an added dimension—especially for fans in the Atlantic region—that lifts it above the ordinary. The Minglewood Band is basically a rock-blues band, and such groups are a dime a dozen. But the Minglewood musicians bring to their songs wisps of sounds you know you've heard somewhere before, sounds that hover like ghosts around some of their numbers. It's hard to pin down but Matt Minglewood thinks he can explain it. "We bring a lot of country music and Scottish influences to our work. I mean, we grew up hearing that music. Hell, I still love country music. It's part of me."

You believe it when you hear him wail "Hank Williams Said It," a country blues number in his latest album. Or

when he's harmonizing with friends at a Halifax house party while a country fiddler fills in spaces in the background. Or when he sits in with a country band in a Dartmouth bar and delivers a moving version of a Williams chestnut, "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry."

The influences of the best of the old-time wailing country singers—Hank Williams, George Jones, Lefty Frizzel—are there in Minglewood's voice, and add a unique touch to his band, even on the blazing rock numbers that are their trademark. Their reputation has been built on their energetic stage performances, a side of the band that has never been properly captured on records. Matt is only one part. There's Bobby Woods, the only non-Maritimer in the group, a native of British Columbia who slams out the compact, driving beat every decent rock band needs; Don Hann of Sydney Mines, who provides the solid bass lines and occasional fiddle; Paul Dunn, North Sydney, whose keyboard brings airy textures to the Minglewood sound; Mark MacMillan of P.E.I. and Halifax, the most recent addition, who has given the band new muscle with his stinging guitar; and Enver Sampson, Jr., Sydney River, a superb harmonica player, the source of much of Minglewood's bluesy flavor. And, of course, in the centre of all this, Roy Batherson, the onetime apprentice electrician from North Sydney, guitarist, organist and lead singer, who adopted his stage name several years ago because he liked the sound of it.

Matt Minglewood does most of the singing, and when he's in the mood, launches into onstage raps that seem to touch a special chord in Maritime fans. "The Maritimes may not be the best place to live," he'll tell an audience, "but I haven't found any better." The band's most popular number probably is a mediocre Marshall Tucker tune called "Can't You See." When the Minglewood Band does it, the crowd goes wild, partly because Matt Minglewood leads into the song with personal reflections: Growing up in Cape Breton, moving to Toronto, being unemployed, falling in love, being cheated, taking the train back home.

The dance floor is always filled during a Minglewood show, because it's hard not to move when the band is ripping into its blistering, paint-peeling numbers. But something else happens: Near the dance floor, you often see groups of young people, mostly women, standing quietly, listening to every note and occasionally singing out the lyrics. It's one indication that Minglewood is becoming more than just another bar band. Matt and the boys love the reaction, because it confirms that they're on the right track in

Cover Story

reaching their goal.

For Matt Minglewood, another small sign comes at the end of the August outing on Big Bras d'Or Lake. Back in Glace Bay, he runs an errand at a grocery store down the block from the two-storey house he's renovating. A group of young boys on the corner, standing around with nothing much to do, begin singing lines from the band's latest single, "Highway to Your Heart," written by guitarist MacMillan.

Matt seems a little embarrassed. "I'm big in the Bay, b'y," he says, and you know he enjoys the compliment of hearing these frisky, wise-guy kids singing one of the band's songs. Later, sitting in his living room, he talks about his plan for achieving his goal. It's the peaceful end of an ideal day. The children are asleep, Babs is watching television, and the two dogs and five cats have settled down. "Way back when I formed this band, I knew exactly what I wanted to do," he says. "I wanted to push our talents as far as we could. I've always felt we could make it big, and so we set out to do it our way. That's why we travel so much. We get exposure, that helps sell our records, and we become a better band in the process. Hopefully, we draw enough attention that we get a U.S. release of an album. Then we'll roll."

Most serious pop musicians have ideas about landing an American recording contract and making a pile of money. Minglewood even has a song about it:

If the man will come here and sing our songs

These poor boys are gonna be just about gone

We're never gonna sing the East Coast Blues again.

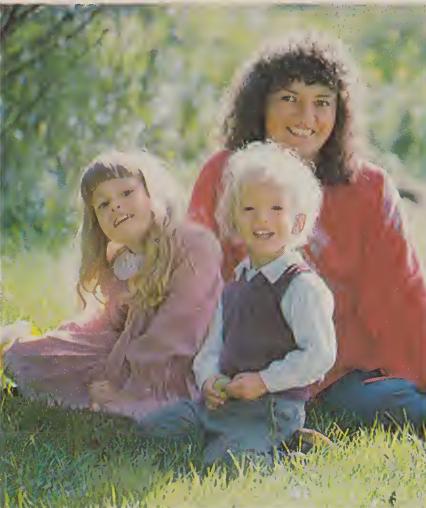
Matt Minglewood, who's described by the band's business manager, Doug Kirby, as a person with a solid business sense, believes you need a specific plan to reach the big time, especially when you're a Canadian band, remote from the big, lucrative American market and without a U.S. album. The American wing of RCA, Minglewood's recording company, has an option to release the band's records in the States, but so far, hasn't made a move.

Certainly, the Minglewood Band gets by without American exposure. Last year, it grossed more than \$700,000, mostly from touring. Kirby says the band probably will hit the million-dollar mark by the end of this year. But expenses are heavy. On the road, the band's equipment includes a \$70,000 tractor-trailer to carry \$250,000 worth of sound and lighting equipment and two \$20,000 vans, one for the

musicians and one for a half-dozen "roadies," the men who set up and tear down the mammoth pile of gear the band is still paying for.

No one is getting rich, but all the band members are drawing steady salaries. The big money could come faster if the group could find a hit single, the catchy song that radio stations play often, propelling record sales. It's a touchy subject with the band. If there's a criticism levelled their way, it's that their own material, much of it written by Matt, is inconsistent. Matt disagrees half-heartedly. "I have faith in our material," he says. "But it's true we haven't had a big single yet. I think maybe we're victims of our tough travelling schedule. We don't have a lot of time to write."

With or without a hit single, Minglewood is hoping for a U.S. deal from RCA for their latest album.



KEITH MACINNIS

Matt's family: Babs, Shane and Ainsley

Called *Out on a Limb*, it's the fastest selling and best of the four Minglewood albums, mostly because of improved production. It was recorded in Memphis, Tenn., and produced by a legendary Memphis musician, Donald (Duck) Dunn. Now a member of the Blues Brothers, Dunn has played with the who's-who of U.S. rock stars, including Elvis Presley, Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, Booker T. and the MG's and, most recently, Tom Petty.

So it was a boost to the band's morale when Dunn, on an invitation from Minglewood's Doug Kirby, went to Halifax to hear the group. He agreed to produce a Minglewood recording in Memphis. He also became a big fan, telling one magazine, "If these boys were based around here [Memphis], they'd be superstars."

Because the Minglewood sound is similar to that of many popular southern U.S. bands—the Allman Brothers,

Charlie Daniels, Lynyrd Skynyrd—it's often suggested the band should move south of the border. "If you'd asked me a few years ago if we'd move, I'd have said no," Matt says. "But I think we'd do it now if it was going to help us move to another plateau, like if we got that U.S. record deal."

That would mean uprooting his family from Cape Breton, something he'd rather not do. But he'd have to. As it is, he doesn't see enough of them, and that worries him constantly.

Fortunately, his wife, a pretty, level-headed woman, understands. She spent six years as a bookkeeper on the road with the old Moon-Minglewood Band, and she knows first-hand the appeal of the rock and roll life. Babs and Matt were married on the road, when Moon-Minglewood was playing in Alaska nine years ago this December. "I love the music," she says. "Naturally I don't like all the touring Matt has to do. But we want the same thing, success in the music business. And the kids can handle him not being around all the time. He's great with them when he's here. Anyway, he'd be miserable if he quit."

"One way or the other," Matt interjects, "I'll always be in music. It might mean being a country singer in Mabou when I'm 50 or 60. But I'll still love the shit out of it."

The next morning, Matt Minglewood is driving to the Sydney airport in his sporty Japanese-built Dodge. From the tape deck, a George Jones song blares: "I Still Hold Her Body (But I Think I've Lost Her Mind)." Minglewood waves to a member of a highway crew. "Jimmy Hiscott," he says. "He played with me in the Rocking Saints. Those were fun days."

He frowns a little when he's told what his father said about the uncertainty of the entertainment business. "That's my father being practical," he says with a smile. He turns down the tape deck. "I have a dream, you know. I want to own a farm in Cape Breton and raise quarter horses. I love horses. And I want to be near the water with one of my father's boats. But I'll still be doing music, maybe an album when I feel like it and a tour when it seems like a good idea. I want the freedom to do exactly what I want."

It's suggested that he's talking about the privileges of superstardom; Minglewood says he believes the band can go that high. "Hell, I have to believe that. If I didn't, I'd take my father's advice and become an electrician."

He reaches over to turn up the tape deck and sings harmony with George. Country harmony, of course.

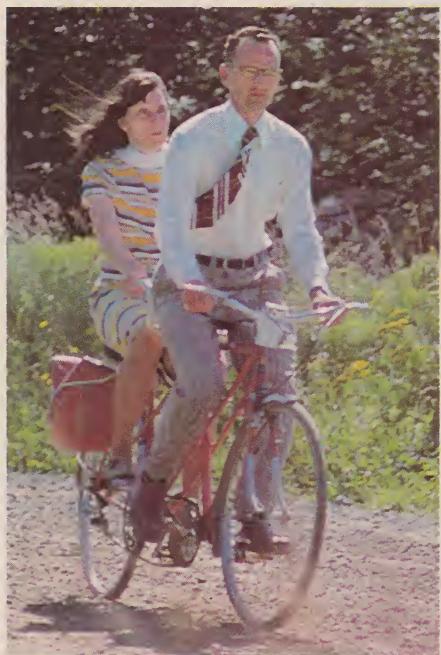


Captain Morgan White.

COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.



Folks



FRD/HATFIELD

The Mosher family make their rounds

When his saddlehorse died of old age a few months ago, Rev. Gerald Mosher, a Tusket, N.S., Baptist minister, found himself in a jam. Mosher, 43, and his wife, Lorie, are both partially blind, so for five years he travelled by horseback over a 25-mile circuit in his rural parish near Yarmouth. The horse provided safe, reliable transportation, didn't require a driver's licence to operate and helped break the ice during Mosher's pastoral visits: Some parents even put their babies on the retired racehorse's back when the preacher came to call. To find another horse, Mosher tried placing a classified ad in *The Globe and Mail*, specifying that the horse must be "quiet in traffic." He hoped that the newspaper's wide distribution would increase his chances of finding an inexpensive animal. By fall, however, he was still looking, and making do with a somewhat unsatisfactory bicycle-built-for-two. "A bicycle is not practical," Mosher says. "A horse is more flexible. You can go in all weather." Travelling by bike also means many miles of hard pedalling for the Moschers. He visits an average of 80 homes a week and preaches in four churches on Sundays. The Moschers established a Baptist church in Tusket when they moved there five years ago, renovating a former restaurant to create living quarters and a meeting hall. For their horse, they set up what must be the fanciest stall in Atlantic Canada. Formerly used as a small house, it has wallpaper, panelling and—directly below the horse's head—a sink.

Pig power can be a real gas. Just ask Stan Sandler of Iris, P.E.I., a farmer and part-time inventor. He's built a methane gas digester that converts pig manure into fuel that eventually will heat his hot water and kitchen range. So far, he's been able to produce enough methane gas to keep a burner in his barn going for three hours a day. "There are still some bugs to be worked out," he says, "but it works well. It's a clean-burning gas, a perfectly blue flame, and there's no smell when it's burned." Sandler borrowed the idea from a farm publication that described an experimental methane digester at the University of Manitoba. He then designed and built his own, using plastic pipes and an 8,000-gallon tank salvaged from a meat-packing plant. The tank holds 40 tons of manure from 43 pigs and six cows and Sandler's now burning the methane gas to heat the digester; soon he hopes to pipe the gas to his house. "By next summer, I'm sure I won't be burning any propane," he says. There's a bonus to all this. The sludge left in the tank makes an excellent fertilizer with no offensive smell, Sandler says. "We had a wonderful garden this summer."

Go ahead and tell Marilyn Congdon to go fly a kite. She won't mind. She's so crazy about kites, she's made a career out of them. From her Upper Kingsburg, N.S., home, she creates models that are works of art. "The time you actually fly a kite is relatively short," she says, "but when you can take them later and hang them up, they have a longer lasting quality." Congdon makes the kites from spinnaker cloth (lightweight nylon used for sails) in about 10 different shapes, then dec-

Congdon: Kites that are works of art

orates them with poppies, puffins, buttercups, dragons. She spends two to four days on each design, brushing on metallic paint or applying strips of cloth to the nylon fabric. Held up to the light, the kites then have a stained-glass effect. Congdon and her husband, Tony, a potter, sell their crafts through a Lunenburg co-operative and show them at Nova Scotia craft fairs. Tony likes the functional side of his wife's beautiful kites. "While she gets into what she puts on the kite, I like to try to make it fly," he says. Which kite is most fun to fly? "The one you've just finished."

For years the folklore department at Memorial University of Newfoundland has been collecting, cataloguing and storing away in its archives the music, tales and personal histories that make up the folk culture of Newfoundland. Dave Penney and Bill Butt—both graduate students in folklore, both 25 and both from Gander—wanted to give something of that work back to the people who have sat for hours, talking and singing for their tape recorders. They decided to do it in a magazine. With what money they could scrape together and what time they could steal away from their studies, they launched the first issue of *The Livyere* with a beer party this summer, got their second issue out in the fall and are working on a third. The magazine features first-person accounts, interviews, poetry, songs and storytelling. "One thing we're trying to get away from is the idea that folklore is something of the past," Penney says. "These tales are still a part of the culture of Newfoundland. We just want to document the culture as it is now."





Peters: He keeps floating to the top

If folks from Saint John, N.B., had voted in the Fifties for the young person most likely to succeed, the winner probably would have been **Walter (Bubbles) Peters**. He was the city's top athlete and a born leader. Bubbles (someone once said he floated like a bubble over a high jump bar) set a world juvenile broad jump record and competed for Canada in the 1954 British Empire Games. A jet-propelled, five-foot-six, 200-pound tank, he was an unstoppable football running back with Mount Allison University and the University of Michigan. After graduating from university with an engineering degree, he shunned pro football offers to become a Canadian Armed Forces pilot. Today, with rank of major, he's deputy commander of the Snowbirds, the forces' touring acrobatic airplane team. After a 19-year military career—during which he served as mayor of Bushell Park, Sask.—Bubbles, now 44, can retire from the service next year. That may mean a change in career, but not in direction. Bubbles will just keep floating to the top.

People either love or hate the nursery-rhyme dolls **Janice Stewart** makes at her Sussex, N.B., home. Either way, she's happy. "I'd hate for people not to notice," Stewart says. There's not much danger in that: Her dolls stand at least five feet tall, and on many of their nylon-stockings-covered faces, she has sewn deep, bold creases. Stewart, a former interior decorator, started making dolls in 1978. "I build dolls because I love fabrics and people," she says. She's had five shows in New Brunswick. This year, she won an \$8,000 Canada Council grant to build five wall hangings, a New Brunswick

bicentennial (1983) project. On the hangings, she'll mount three-dimensional characters representing ancestors of five prominent New Brunswick families. Some of the characters, Stewart predicts, could hit seven feet.



Hennebury: Letting the wood speak

Business was slow, and the wolves were nearly at the door, so St. John's cabinetmaker **Mark Hennebury** and his pregnant wife, Marilyn, carried an exquisite, four-foot-high walnut cabinet around Water Street office buildings, trying to interest businessmen in his handcrafted furniture. "It was a desperate move," Hennebury says. It worked. Hennebury, 27, opened his workshop-showroom on a steep downtown sidestreet not quite a year ago, and slowly but surely he's making a name for himself. Much of his work has a delicate, oriental quality about it, and the natural patterns and colors of the wood are prominent in his designs. "I am influenced by the Japanese way of crafts—approach the wood with a clear mind and let its own qualities tell you what to do with it," he says. Both his father and grandfather were carpenters, but in the fine craft of cabinetmaking, he's self-taught. Born and raised in

England, he came to Newfoundland, his father's home, after high school and worked "everything from construction to making kitchen cabinets." Marilyn got him into furniture building. She needed a chesterfield, and he didn't like what was in the stores. Marilyn never got her chesterfield—they had to sell it. But she stuck with him. "It's nice to have someone who believes in what you're doing," he says.

Internationally acclaimed writer **Brian Moore** says he's "not the sort of person who'd live in Malibu," the movie star mecca. But he does. For three months each year, however, Moore and his wife, Jean, a Glace Bay, N.S., native, "touch base" in Nova Scotia which was "home" to one of the author's best-known characters, on their way to his Northern Ireland homeland and Europe. "My whole life's an accident," he says. A Canadian citizen, Moore won the Governor-General's Award for fiction twice, in 1961 and 1975. Twenty years ago he moved to the U.S. to claim a Guggenheim Fellowship. He came to Canada 33 years ago "running after a Canadian girl," worked in a northern Ontario construction camp and, like the protagonist in his award-winning *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, worked as a proof-reader at the Montreal *Gazette*. Glace Bay native Daniel Petrie, now a Hollywood director, still holds a movie option on his 1955 hit, *The Lonely Passion of Miss Judith Hearne*. "If I hadn't had the Nova Scotia connection," Moore says, "he probably wouldn't." One of Moore's other books, *I Am Mary Dunne*, is about a Nova Scotia woman who goes down the road. "I used my trips here to build up her character," he explains.

Barbados is a place to come back to

You can do what you like in this tourist paradise—as long as you know where to do it. And you'll experience the best combination of local and tourist culture in the Caribbean

By Cheryl Hawkes

A curious lot we were that sticky morning in Bridgetown. As our hotel buses and rented jeeps sat empty alongside a dock in the Barbados capital, we lined up, clutching beach-bags and purses, and filed quietly onto a red-sailed, pirate party ship called the *Jolly Roger*. Perched on benches all around the ship, like wallflowers at a high school hop, we waited for The Fun to begin. Some of us looked eager to get under way, anxious to break into the ship's famous rum punch, 50% rum, with 100% punch. Others looked apprehensive, wondering, it seemed, whether they'd put their money down for the right kind of day's entertainment and whether it was possible to get tossed overboard in the revelry. As we shoved off and the 101-foot ship motored along the west coast of Barbados, the ham-shaped, most easterly of the Caribbean islands, we were serenaded by several decibel's worth of taped Beatles music. "I think this is the first time I've heard every song they ever recorded," one man grumbled. Welcome to the islands.

This was my second visit to Barbados and my first voyage on the famous *Jolly Roger*. I'd skipped the experience the first time, reasoning, wrongly, that a day on a rednose schooner was no way to visit a country. But the *Jolly Roger* is very Barbadian—as soon as the tourists pile off, charter groups of *Bajans* pile on.

This is a tidy island, a stable, conservative and friendly place people return to again and again. But above all, it is orderly and British. More by nature than by design, hedonism in Barbados is kept gently in its place, for Barbadians and visitors alike. There is no Club Med here, no nude beaches, and Barbadians—like Canadians when they are home—take a dim view of tourists who wear beach attire into the city and camera buffs who snap their photos without asking permission first.

If you want to party, climb aboard the *Jolly Roger*. If you want to see a sex show, head for Dirty Harry's, the only nightspot in the country that is banned to residents. If you want to stay up all night listening to jazz, or

just passing time, head for Baxters Road, where the local women start selling grilled chicken and fish from their carts at midnight. You can do what you want in Barbados as long as you know where to do it. For first and foremost, this lush, tropical island is home to 275,000 Barbadians, the majority of them black. Second, it is a tourist paradise. A visit there offers the best meshing of local and tourist culture I've found anywhere in the Caribbean.

The sense of orderliness that permeates Barbados probably comes from more than 350 years of unbroken British rule on the island. Barbados won its independence in 1966, but the tradition of stability lingers on. Geography had a lot to do with it. Just 13 degrees north of the equator, a short plane ride from Venezuela, Barbados sits on the far edge of the chain of Caribbean islands.

I lived in the Caribbean for a year once and thought I would sail to Barbados if the chance arose. It never did, I discovered, because of the wind—a constant breeze from the east that makes the road to Barbados

from any point west a dead beat. Little wonder Christopher Columbus missed the thickly treed and hilly land mass on his first swing past. And little wonder Barbados lay quietly in the sun, while other islands were scrapped over by each new wave of explorers that washed up on their shores. Nobody bothered to double back—it was a tough sail and people could hardly see the place for the trees, which grew down to the water's edge. The Portuguese named the woody island Los Barbados or "bearded islands" in 1625, but it wasn't until 1627 that the first boatload of settlers arrived—80 English people and 10 African slaves they'd picked up on the trip over.

When the English waded up on shore, there was no one to greet them. The Carib, Arawak and Barrancoid Indians had left nearly 100 years before. King Charles I reigned at home, and most of the English settlers were fleeing persecution by the republicans under Oliver Cromwell. The island they settled became distinctly English—with its own Trafalgar Square and statue of Lord Nelson—distinctly royalist, and determined to preserve a culture left behind.

Even during the 1970s, while many of its Caribbean neighbors erupted in violence, Barbados remained quiet, barely touched politically by riots and black-power movements in Trinidad, Tobago, Grenada, Jamaica, British Honduras, the Dutch Antilles and others. Today, with an unemployment



Sunset along the Platinum Coast, near Bridgetown

rate of about 11% and half the population under the age of 30, Barbados has a few problems. Jobs are scarce, and you can see young men passing the time on the steps of every neighborhood rumshop. In the past, any Barbadian willing to be mobile could find work—on the Panama Canal, on the CNR, on sugar plantations in the U.S.—and over the years thousands of Barbadians moved to North America and England. But immigration laws everywhere are tougher these days and more people must stay at home.

The country is fiercely competitive and materialistic, its poor seem not so much on the edge of revolt as looking for an angle that will launch them into

the prosperous end of their society. "The conflict in Barbados," a Barbadian friend says, "is not one of color, but of class." Class shows itself in price tags. Those are local children carting suitcase-sized portable radios and doing wheelies on shiny new roller skates. That's not a parrot my husband hears from the terrace of a restaurant one evening, but *The Muppet Show* on TV in the house next door. Piercy Ward, production manager of the Mount Gay rum distillery in Bridgetown, makes sure we have a pleasant tour of his plant, chats amiably about the country and then whips out his personal card. A large, copper-colored man with salt-and-pepper hair, he moonlights as a country and western singer, with a special talent for yodelling. And when we decide to blow almost \$100 Canadian on dinner in a fine restaurant—the most expensive meal by far of our stay—we are the only diners in the restaurant with North American accents.

Before we left home, the *Financial Times* of London released a survey of hotel, food and drink costs in major cities around the world and declared Bridgetown the priciest, well ahead of

of the wealth is foreign owned. Barbados' biggest drawing card is its stability: Canadian bankers love it here. Barbados is dotted with branches of the Royal Bank, the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Bank of Commerce. Anne Murray hasn't arrived yet, but it can only be a matter of time.

Even history has a place here—at the Barbados Museum every Sunday and Thursday night. Once again, tourists line up in an orderly fashion for their evening of culture. Too briefly, we wander through the museum, learning about the island's fish, fowl and animal life, admiring relics from the Arawaks and early British settlers. My eyes normally glaze over at the word museum—I've taken in more than my share in treks through Europe. But this is worth returning to—a look at how a modern Caribbean culture grew out of a British culture that leaned so heavily on slave labor. Next, a traditional *Bajan* meal and an exhibition of modern dance in the museum courtyard. If there is an up-market *Jolly Roger* experience, this is it.

If I were ever to return to Barbados, I would spend more time exploring the island, stopping in those little towns

My Barbadian friends call the Atlantic side "the real Barbados," where the people are more open, there are fewer hotels and where the rough tides make it dangerous for swimmers. The west coast, where the Caribbean Sea washes up on the clean, wide beaches of the first-class hotels, is lush and well groomed, but more congested.

On the south coast, the third side of the *Bajan* triangle, there is a fight: A battle of cheaper guest houses and decaying Somerset Maugham bed-and-breakfast spots against the newer, sleeker and more expensive tourist castles. The government has decided the more inexpensive tourist accommodations on the south coast will be discouraged from proliferating. Barbados, you see, is heading up-market.

Barbados is a comfortable, diverse country, well worth exploring. There is an island behind the beach, and God knows, on my last trip here eight years ago, I tried to find it. That time, I set out one morning and got as far as the south end of the island before my foot was run over by a tourist driving a rented SunMoke, a popular and, at the time, rather heavy type of Austin-



Bridgetown schoolgirls: People are friendly, conservative

places like London, Tokyo and Hong Kong. After a week in the country, I was almost certain the *Times* had goofed badly or that its travel "experts" had spent their time at Sandy Lane, the island's most expensive hotel by far, and somehow had to justify the expense chits. Barbadians themselves felt certain the *Times* was wrong. Tourism officials, however, were publicly pleased. Being known as the most expensive spot in the world wouldn't drive travellers away, the president of the Hotel Association reasoned, but would attract wealthier visitors to the country. Barbados, he said, was moving "up-market."

There is prosperity here, but much



Tourists like exploring in rented jeeps

we whizzed through in our rented car and sitting on the steps of a rumshop or two just passing the time. I would go back to Farley Hill Park, site of an old plantation "great house" and spend the day picnicking. I would wander through Harrison Caves, an amazing sight, and look for a place to eat in the little town nearby, instead of rushing back to the hotel. And I would go back again and again to the Atlantic Hotel at Bathsheba on the rough, rocky Atlantic coast, where I feasted on kingfish and flying fish, peas'n'rice, breadfruit, cooked green bananas, plantain and coconut pie for a mere \$10 Canadian. It was my best meal on the island by far.

designed jeep, favored by visitors to the island. The next afternoon found me prone on my hotel pool deck, a piña colada in one hand, a bottle of painkillers in the other, a pair of crutches propped against my *chaise longue*. It was two weeks of unmitigated daily disasters, including the dreadful day I felt my brand-new bathing suit drop to my ankles, the elastic broken, while I was busy balancing a handful of postcards, my purse and a pair of crutches. There I was, trying to see the country and the country was seeing me.

Even then, I knew I'd be back. And now that I've returned once, I know I'll be back again. ☒

Theatre

The diamond instincts of Mary Walsh

They're what draw fellow actors back to Newfoundland, to be part of one of the most brilliant theatrical revivals in Canada today. As Mrs. Ball in CBC-TV's Up at Ours, as Codco satirist, as actress and director, Walsh is at the centre of it all. That makes her very happy

By Amy Zierler

With less than five weeks to go before opening night, the cast of *We're No Match for No One* is getting panicky. Seven actors, a musician, a 17-year-old Montagnais Indian high school student and a 17-year-old paroled are writing a play about juvenile delinquents, especially kids who turn their violence inward through sex, drink, pills and razor blades.

"I'm starting to worry. We don't have enough material yet," Mary Walsh is saying. She has a rich, throaty voice and, for all her 29 years, the face of a townie teen-ager: Pale skin, freckles, wide-set grey eyes and a tight little mouth that turns down at the corners. It's a rather contradictory face, tough and shy and unassuming all at once. Perched on the back of one of the beat-up couches in the rehearsal room, wearing a blue-and-white striped jumpsuit, red plastic shoes and an armful of silver bangles, Mary has just finished dispatching the troupe for the afternoon's research. Two are off to play pool at the John Howard Society halfway house. Two more will talk to kids at Buckmaster's Circle, one of the roughest neighborhoods in St. John's. Another pair is heading out to chat up a street-corner gang. Mary bites down on the pen she's been making notes with. Tomorrow she wants them to start improvising.

Mary Walsh is directing and producing the play, which may surprise people who know her as Verna Ball, the motherly boardinghouse mistress in CBC-TV's *Up at Ours* series. Others know her as an outrageously funny satirist, a member of the collective that used to be known as Codco. After nearly 10 years, it's still producing

some of the best, most sophisticated comedy in North America. Collective creations don't need directors, but they often benefit from a firm but gentle guiding hand. This is Mary's third try. Her first two shows—*Terras de Bacalhau*, about the Portuguese fishermen who work the Grand Banks,



Walsh: A strong will and a wicked wit

and *Makin' Time with the Yanks*, about the city's affair with the American servicemen stationed here during the Second World War—were great successes (the Portuguese show played to excellent reviews in Toronto) and established Walsh as a major force in Newfoundland theatre. It's an exciting place to be.

The idea for *We're No Match for No One* comes from Memorial Univer-

sity anthropologist Elliott Leyton's book, *The Myth of Delinquency*, but the guts of the show come from the group's own research. They're interviewing bureaucrats, teachers, magistrates, parents and teen-agers, visiting training schools, listening to open-line shows, digging through libraries. Back in a basement rehearsal room of the former longshoremen's hall that is now Canada's most prolific small theatrical-cultural centre, they create characters, improvise scenes and write songs based on what they've heard.

Toward the end, as the panic builds to a kind of creative frenzy, they work 18-hour days until a two-and-a-half-hour show emerges. Like the best collective theatre to come out of St. John's in recent years, it's sharp, touching, entertaining and thought-provoking about a very disturbing subject. All in six weeks. Each collaborator, regardless of fame or experience, gets \$109 a week. That's collective theatre. Panic is a basic part of the process. It primes the adrenalin pump.

Walsh says her on-the-job training in collective theatre made her the kind of director she is. "I learned to let people go," she says. "There's so much good in people. They're just waiting for the gates to open so it can all flow out." That may sound gushy; Mary Walsh is anything but gushy. She's a strong-willed, strong-bodied woman with a wicked wit, a disarming modesty and no tolerance for pretence or sentimentality. After the day's rehearsal, she's remembering a Codco skit about a bunch of weak-stomached

actors filming a commercial for Campbell's Cream of Mushroom soup. One by one they try to get the lines out, but the idea of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom soup is so nauseating, none of them can get through them without vomiting. They have a field day with it, each trying to out-puke the others. "Now that's a piece which never would have been if there had been a director," Walsh says. "A director wouldn't have

let it go on so long, but that's what made it work."

Janis Spence, a warm, exuberant actress whose toenails and fingernails are painted the color of black-raspberry ice cream, leaps at the opportunity to talk about her friend, colleague and, for the moment, director. "She's the best there is. She's the best in Canada. I am aware of how corny that sounds, but she has changed my life." Spence can hardly get the words out fast enough. "Mary has diamond instincts. That's why everyone trusts her. Her judgment is really sharp and right on and quick. But she never puts you down personally or makes you feel stupid. So you're never afraid to try out a new idea at rehearsal. She brings out the very best in everybody. Mary is solely responsible for my coming back."

Spence moved to Toronto nine years ago, just as an exciting movement to local theatre, art and music was taking hold in Newfoundland. "I'd always go to see Codco when they came to Toronto," Spence says, "but I was never sure I'd be able to stay through the show. They were hilarious, I was in the aisles laughing, but I was so jealous. I kept thinking, if I had stayed, maybe I would be part of it." She got her chance when the CBC asked her to audition for the part of Bride O'Mara in *Up at Ours*. That's where she met Walsh. "When you're acting with her, she's so giving, so there with you," Spence says. "She pushes you to the absolute limit of your ability and she pushes herself the same way. I found she was pushing me not just on the set, but in the makeup room, over coffee, she started doing routines with me. I hadn't done any improvising for years. I was terrified, but it worked." Spence was part of the first collective show Walsh directed, and the second, and now, with *We're No Match for No One*, she's moved back to St. John's. "I'd turn down almost anything to work with Mary," she says.

Walsh's first theatrical experience was in 1968 on the public address system at the Arcade store on Water Street. It was a depressing couple of months, straightening up the discount bins in the ladies' department and announcing shoppers' specials. What she really wanted was to be a journalist, but she didn't want to go to university because she was in that ornery, adoles-

cent frame of mind that told her not to do what everyone said would be good for her. Besides, she was still redoing two high school courses at night. "I was sort of a juvenile delinquent in high school," Walsh says. Her drinking and staying out late distressed her Aunt Mae, who'd raised her from the time she was eight months old. (The second youngest of eight children, Walsh caught pneumonia as an infant and was moved next door, where her father's brother and two sisters lived, so that she might recover more quickly. She recovered but she never left, growing up as a sort of only child next door to her own family. "I always read a lot, and I kept reading stories about adopted kids who were really special, so for a while I told everyone I was adopted," she says.)

Aunt Mae felt she was losing control of her niece so, at the beginning of

mile from where she grew up in downtown St. John's, talks to her every day. Even if Walsh is drinking and staying out late, she'll call. "Hi Aunt Mae. I'm still out," she says at three in the morning. "How far?" Aunt Mae asks.

Walsh quit the Arcade after the Christmas rush and lay around for the next few months "thinking my life was over." On a fluke she applied for a job with CBC Radio and got it. Although her career as a midmorning talk show hostess was short-lived, it did bring Mary Walsh to the attention of a university engineer and theatre enthusiast named Dudley Cox. Cox got her involved in amateur theatre with the popular St. John's Players, and when he decided to launch a professional company, Walsh was one of the bright young crowd he hired. Newfoundland Travelling Theatre toured the province doing English farces and children's

shows, "and we had the best time we ever had," Walsh says. But the project nearly bankrupted Cox and his partner, David Weiser. They were financing it entirely on their own and couldn't manage the expenses for long. In 1972, a self-supporting professional repertory company in Newfoundland was an idea whose time had not yet come, but Cox, who has since left the province, is remembered as the "father of Newfoundland theatre." Among the others he hired were Andy Jones, Cathy Jones, Tommy Sexton, Bob Joy, Diane Olsen and Greg Malone, all of whom ended up in Codco.

Officially, Codco hasn't played together for several years, but sub-groups have continued to do cabaret-style shows. The Wonderful Grand Band, Newfoundland's most popular and commercially successful music group, originated in a TV show called *The Root-cellar*: They were the house band in a bar run by Mr. and Mrs. Budgell, a Codco couple created by Walsh and Greg Malone. Tommy Sexton took over as Mrs. Budgell,

and his and Greg's comedy are a regular part of the WGB show now. Codco also plans to regroup for two shows next spring.

Other things were happening in Newfoundland in the early Seventies. Chris Brookes, who started a social-activist theatre collective called The Mummers Troupe, remembers it as a time of "cultural emergency," when Newfoundland society was getting



Walsh as Verna Ball in *Up at Ours*

Grade 11, she installed her in the boarding hall of the large, highly regimented Catholic girls' school she was attending. From morning chores to the last rosary and lights out, every hour of the day was scheduled. "You couldn't read or anything," Walsh remembers. After a few months, Aunt Mae relented and took her back. Aunt Mae is now 74 and Walsh, who has bought part of an old house less than a

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Theatre



Walsh and actress Janis Spence: "Mary is the best there is"

overtaken by the North American mainstream. "We needed to know who we were and if it was OK," he says. For the most part, the Cod Company refuses to place its beginnings in the same context as anything so serious as a cultural upheaval. "We were a group of people who all found the same things funny," Andy Jones says. "We sat down for five or six weeks and worked out all the funny ideas we could think of. That's all we did."

But much of Codco's humor has been about Newfoundland, terrific satires of ordinary life that capture a rich language and rely, ultimately, on the same strong cultural identity that The Mummers and other artists have worried over. Codco's first production (ironically, it started in Toronto, where several of the former Newfoundland Travelling bunch had gone) made fun of the way Torontonians were making fun of Newfoundlanders. "All you had to do was say you were from Newfoundland, and they would giggle," Walsh says. She took a leave from theatre courses at Ryerson to do the show. *Cod on a Stick* was a hit in the big city and within a couple of years, the CBC televised Codco's sendup of the whole rugged-but-gentle-born-of-the-rock-Newfoundlander legend, calling it *Festering Forefathers and Running Sons*. There's a scene in it where Walsh, playing the long-suffering, ever-baking mother, leans on her husband's shoulders and recites the struggles of her life. Suddenly she slips from being a tragic Newfoundland mother into a tragic Southern mother into a tragic Irish mother into a tragic Ukrainian mother. "Ma, Ma," cries the father, played by Greg Malone, "you got your roots mixed up." It's a brilliant bit of caricature and says as much in two minutes as the whole show does in half

an hour. "I think it shows the culture has a strong enough base that we could do that kind of sendup," Walsh says.

That's an important point about Codco. Whatever the subject of its satire (families, religion, hospitals, funeral homes, perverts, basket cases, stuffy theatre, chic theatre, themselves), however black, twisted or sick their humor, they invest it all with affection. They understand how human it is to be ridiculous. "Yes," says Walsh with only a hint of a smile, "even Morton, the dying child molester." Morton, who appears in *Do You Want to Smell My Pocketcrumbs?*, is dying of cancer, but the only place the hospital has a bed for him is in pediatrics. Walsh and Cathy Jones turn up in that skit as a pair of tumors, benign and malignant, doing a bebop duet for Morton ("There's a rumor there's a tumor living in you. Can you guess which one? We'll give you a clue"). Cancer is a favorite subject. "It's a way of dealing with your fear," Walsh says.

Over at NIFCO (Newfoundland Independent Filmmakers Co-op), Bob Joy is editing a scene from *The Adventures of Faustus Bidgood*, a full-length feature movie he, Andy Jones, Michael Jones and others have been working on for several years. Walsh plays a swinging young secretary in the provincial Education Department, just back from a wild weekend in Gander. "She's so relaxed here," Joy says, winding the film through the viewer. "Well, relaxed isn't the right word. Mary always has a nervous edge, but she seems so natural when she's acting." Joy gained international recognition by leaving Newfoundland to do theatre in the United States. Which begs the question. Do you still have to leave the

Theatre

island to get the big challenges?

"You just can't compare the theatre scene here to New York," Joy says. "It's a lot more creative here." Three years ago, he went to New York with an off-Broadway production of *The Diary of Anne Frank*, got good reviews and acquired an agent who has helped him into movies—*Atlantic City, U.S.A.*, *Ragtime*—but he keeps coming back to St. John's. "People are economically ambitious in New York, but here they're artistically ambitious," he says. "It was so easy to go to New York in a way. In Codco, we used to go through incredible panic and turmoil because it was our own material. We would be writing lines up to opening night. But when I did *The Diary of Anne Frank*, the script was written. I knew all my lines by the second week. There's a high standard of acting in New York, but people are often not concerned with the cultural implications of what they're doing."

Andy Jones is almost militant on the subject. "When an actor leaves Newfoundland, there's a great loss felt," he says. "We're a cultural entity and we need theatre and comedians and artists. There's a wealth of material here, and it's the local stuff which seems to travel best. When people say, 'But you're so local,' I like to compare us to James Joyce. His characters were extremely local, which is what makes them so rich and interesting. And another thing, for some strange reason, people are staying here now, so there are people to work with."

Mary Walsh has several offers to work in Toronto, but she's certainly not jumping at the chance to leave St. John's. "The big dream is that we'll create something here," she says. That means making St. John's a theatre centre big enough to shake the can't-stay-here-and-make-it albatross. It's no longer impossible to make a living here—Mary has *Up at Ours* shows to tape and a Codco tour next year, and there's talk of setting up a repertory company. Creating something here also means making exportable films, television shows and travelling theatre productions.

For now, Walsh says only something really exciting could make her leave ("If I was offered, oh, I don't know, Kate in *The Taming of the Shrew* in Toledo, Ohio, I'd go to Toledo").

But St. John's is home—family, friends, quiet streets at three in the morning, unlocked doors, even the high school she still can't walk by without shuddering. "I've never been so happy as I am here," she says. ☒

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Hockey's Alan MacAdam tries to avoid the limelight

But it's tough back home, where he's the hero of Morell, P.E.I.

When Alan MacAdam was growing up in Morell, P.E.I., he played hockey with the local peewee team. At 11, he was big for his age and sensitive to teasing from his father and brother that he wasn't doing enough body-checking. Finally, in a game against Mount Stewart, Alan threw a body-check that knocked his opponent onto the ice and left him with a broken leg. Alan was horrified. He jumped out of the rink through the ice chute and, still wearing skates and equipment, ran home to hide under the bed, convinced the entire Mount Stewart team was after him.

Alan MacAdam never did develop into an aggressive hockey player. He did, however, become a very good one. At 29, he's in his 10th season in professional hockey. He's played in two Stanley Cup semi-finals and one final series that his team, the Minnesota North Stars, lost last year against the powerful New York Islanders. He's been a National Hockey League All-Star, has played in world cup tournaments in Moscow and Vienna and is one of the North Stars' most powerful skaters and consistent point scorers. He led the North Stars scoring roster at the end of the 1979-80 season with 93 points, 42 of those goals. He was 11th in the NHL scoring race.

Naturally, he's a hero on the Island, especially in his home village. Last year, eastern P.E.I.'s weekly newspaper, *The Eastern Graphic*, even published a special, 12-page tabloid supplement on him. MacAdam almost blushes at the mention of it. "I try to stay out of the limelight," he says. "Especially when I'm around home. I just sort of try and blend in around here."

He's still the quiet, thoughtful person he was in his peewee days, still has the languid, dreamy eyes of a poet. He speaks softly, with care and precision, and takes time to think before he answers questions.

Home is still Morell. MacAdam and his wife, Anne, and their children, John, 2, Katie, 3, and Sarah, 6, spend their summers in nearby Lakeside, 100 yards from a white sand beach where he runs ("I don't jog, I run") three

times a week to keep in shape.

MacAdam first batted a puck around at age five, playing on the frozen Morell River. His brother, Paul, 31, a federal fisheries officer who lives in Morell, recalls Alan's early love for the game: "He seemed to thrive on it because he was always trying to get more ice time."

He was good enough to play two years of junior with the Islanders while studying history at the University of Prince Edward Island. When the Islanders folded, he played with the UPEI varsity team for one year, scooping up awards for most goals and most



GORD JOHNSTON

MacAdam: A quiet, thoughtful person

valuable player at the end of the season. "I had no plans to play professional hockey," he says. "Everybody else had plans for me, though."

"Everybody" included NHL scouts. In the summer of 1972, to his surprise, he was the fourth-round draft choice of the Philadelphia Flyers, then a team of young, impetuous hockey players with little style but a determination to scrap their way to the Stanley Cup.

He spent two years with the club, mostly in the minors with the Flyers' farm club, the Richmond, Va., Robins of the American Hockey League. He was called up for the playoffs in 1974, and managed to play one game against the New York Islanders. The Flyers

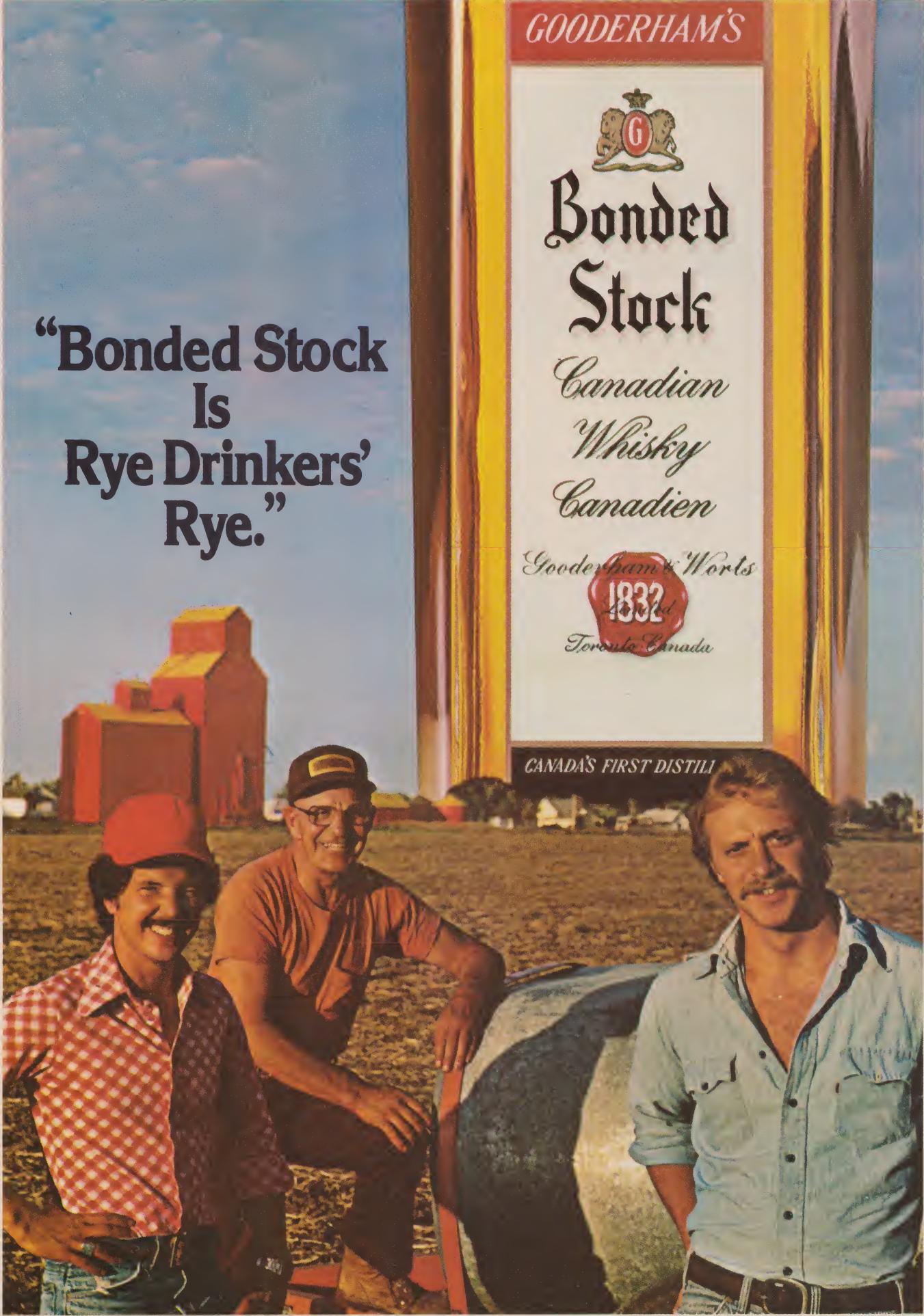
went on to beat Boston for the Stanley Cup but that summer, MacAdam was shocked to learn the team had traded him to the bottom-dwelling California Seals in Oakland.

It might have been the best thing that could have happened. The Seals gave him all the ice time he could manage. He gained much-needed confidence and finished his first year with 18 goals and 25 assists, second-best point performance on the team. The next year he gained a spot on the NHL All-Star team.

The Oakland franchise moved to Cleveland and became the Cleveland Barons. For Alan MacAdam, that meant two more years of plugging away in the cellar. The Barons' lack-lustre performance and sparse crowds caused further franchise changes: Cleveland merged with Minnesota, then another unspectacular performer. MacAdam easily survived a ruthless paring to make two teams into one. He felt at home in this club of youthful, confident upstarts. That first year with the North Stars, he tallied 60 points, and the team finished 12th in the league. The 1979-80 season, he scored 93 points, including two important winning goals in the playoffs. Last year, he helped Minnesota into the Stanley Cup finals; his point total was 60.

MacAdam's career is finally taking off, but he's already talking vaguely of retirement. Last year, he signed a five-year contract with the North Stars for a sum he won't reveal ("It's not for half a million, but I'm happy with it anyway"). But he says he may quit the game in a year or two. The life of a hockey player, with three months on the road and lots of weekend work, isn't compatible with the life of a husband and father, he says. He's not sure what his new career might be but he has no doubts on one score: He'll be settling on the Island. "I prefer my kids to grow up in this atmosphere rather than the one we're in in Minnesota," he says. Which means that, in a few years' time, Alan MacAdam may be back playing his gentlemanly brand of hockey in some friendly games with his old buddies in eastern P.E.I.

— Rob Dykstra



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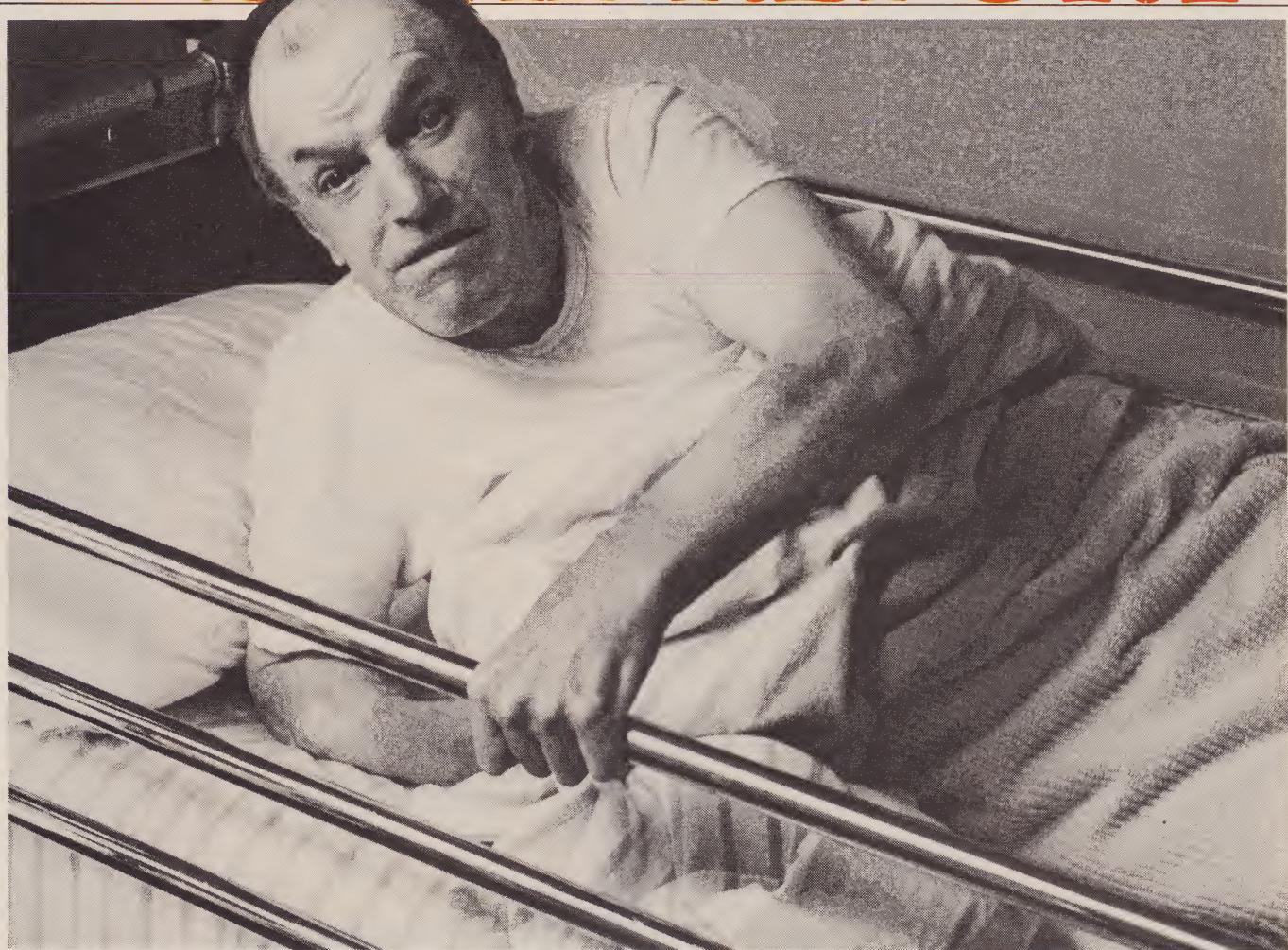


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SPECIAL REPORT



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Keller: Unquenchable sadness

For 17 burned steelworkers, the horror lingers on-and on

Yes, the explosion in the Sydney coke ovens was a nightmare, but for its victims, the years since have been even worse. And who remembers them now?

By Parker Barss Donham
On a Saturday evening in mid-September, drizzle was falling in Sydney's Whitney Pier district. To the south of Frederick Street, beyond hummocks of stockpiled coke, the looming structures of the Sydney Steel coke ovens were obscured by mist. Across the street, in a dimly lit living room, Clarence Keller sat facing a color TV tuned to ATV's *Wide World of Sports*. Keller wasn't watching. He was busy describing the progress he'd made in twice weekly physical

therapy sessions. Walking behind his wheelchair, Keller said, he could get from the dining room to the living room in just three minutes. It was a distance of perhaps 20 feet. Seeing Keller grope painfully at the controls of his wheelchair, it was hard to imagine him walking at all. His gaunt, burn-scared form betrayed the frame of what had once been a stocky man. His speech had the halting, distorted quality one associates with a cerebral palsy victim.

"Can you understand him?" his

wife, Ada, asked. Their visitor nodded. Clarence seemed much better than on the last visit two years earlier. Today he was talkative, almost cheerful. Back then his attempts at conversation had ended in tears.

"How are your spirits?" the visitor asked. On the television, the dozen right legs of a precision swimming team shot through the surface of an Olympic pool and pointed skyward. The volume was turned down. A wall clock ticked loudly. A look of unquenchable sadness returned to Keller's eyes.

"Up and down," he said. "Up and down."

Across town, in a one-storey bungalow on the side of Hardwood Hill, Joe Legge woke in terror from a nightmare. It was the same dream he'd had ever since the accident, but it had come more frequently since his return to the coke ovens. The pattern never varied. Legge would be sleeping peacefully when suddenly, from out of nowhere, a huge ball of fire would come at him and he would wake screaming.

"It takes you apart," Legge said. "It gets right down to your soul."

The event that shattered Joe Legge's nerves and left Clarence Keller a helpless cripple took place four years ago, on Aug. 25, 1977.

The two were among 17 steelworkers assigned to clear the sludge from a plugged, 20-inch-diameter gas main at the Sysco coke ovens. Though they spent the morning purging the line with steam, a faulty valve elsewhere in the system allowed gas to seep into the section of the pipe they were working on. It was a hot summer day, and the air around the ovens, where coal is baked into coke at 2,100 degrees, was sweltering. Most of the men had taken off their protective clothing.

As the last bolt was removed from a flange holding the line in place, the pipe shifted slightly, allowing hot air from the room to enter and mix with chemicals in the sludge. The mixture ignited spontaneously, touching off a gas explosion that instantly enveloped the men in fire.

Joe Legge, who had been leaning over the pipe at the moment of the blast, was blown 25 feet across the room. As he struggled blindly for the exit, he wondered why he couldn't see. His eyelids had been burned off, his eyes were scorched, and by the time he got outside, his only remaining clothes were a leather belt, a pair of leather work gloves and his boots. Steelworker Dave MacLeod was one of the first on the scene. "It was horrible," he recalled. "Most of them had their clothes burned off them. Some of their clothes were still burning. Some of them had their

hair burning. You'd go to grab hold of a fellow and his skin was hanging right off his body."

The explosion riveted the attention of Sydney's steelmaking community for a day or two, then gradually faded from the headlines. No one had been killed, and the 10 most severely injured were at the burn unit of Halifax's Victoria General Hospital, where they were expected to recover. The worst, it seemed, was over.

In fact, the worst had only begun. The injured men faced months of excruciating treatment, followed by the gut-wrenching chore of re-entering society—in some cases with disfiguring

lies will be looked after. The 17 coke ovens victims would learn that nothing could be further from the truth.

In the hours following the explosion, the bodies of the injured men swelled grotesquely. Family members who were allowed brief visits recall that by the second day the men looked like monsters, with heads the size of beach balls. Within days, this swelling receded, but before repairs could begin, all dead skin had to be removed. In a remote part of the hospital, where other patients wouldn't hear their screams, the men were given daily baths in salt water. After each soaking,



Joe and Margie Legge: He still wakes up in terror, screaming

scars. All would undergo long bouts of depression, for which their otherwise excellent medical treatment offered little help. The lucky ones would eventually return to the steel plant, where the staccato of unpredictable noises would keep the terror of Aug. 25 from fading. Four would never return to work, another three only sporadically.

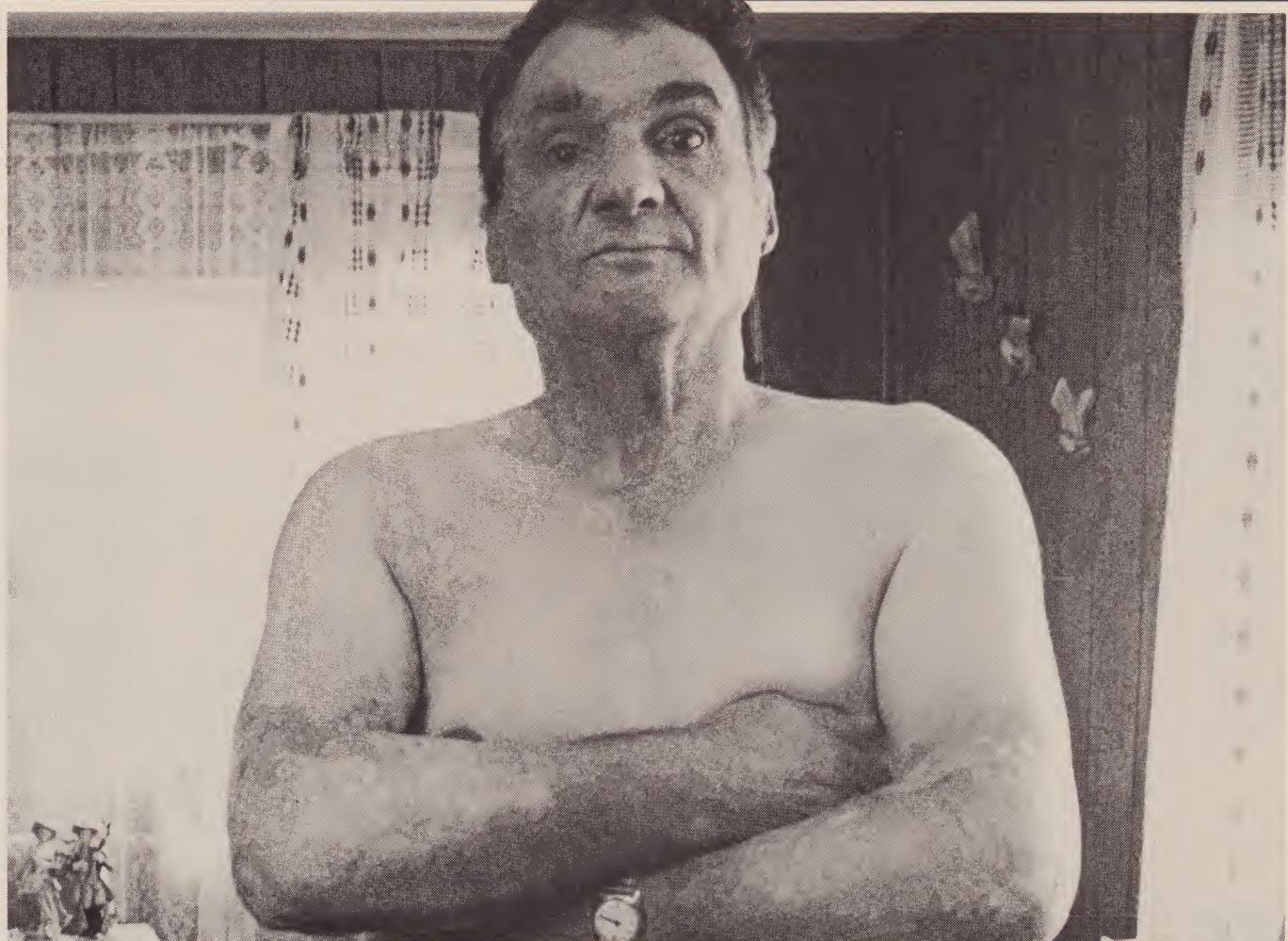
All would discover, to their shock and disgust, the poverty-level subsistence provided by the Nova Scotia workers' compensation system. It treats industrial accident victims suffering long-term disabilities as suspected malingerers.

Most Canadians believe that if workers are injured on the job, their material needs and those of their fami-

a nurse used tweezers and scissors to remove the dead skin. The treatment continued for weeks. "I used to be crying, begging them to stop," recalls Pepe Sollazzo, a 58-year-old pipefitter who'd worked 41 years at the steel plant.

Clarence Keller was also 58 years old. A pipefitter-helper with 38 years' service, he had lived his whole life in the shadow of the coke ovens. Thirty-six hours after the explosion, Keller's heart stopped beating. By the time doctors resuscitated him, the temporary lack of oxygen had damaged his brain. Although his intelligence remains undimmed, his speech and muscle control are badly impaired. Two rounds of brain surgery failed to undo the

SPECIAL REPORT



Sollazzo: Outraged by the Workers' Compensation Board

damage. Keller's arms and legs move haltingly, awkwardly, preventing a crucial aspect of his recovery: Without constant flexing and exercise, grafted sections of skin shrink and stiffen, making movement still more difficult.

Joe Legge knew no such limitation. At 28, the youngest of the 17 victims, he was also the most severely burned. Several weeks after the accident, Legge chanced to see a mirror that had somehow slipped past the burn-unit nurses (who otherwise keep the ward scrupulously free of reflective surfaces). Devastated by the horrific stranger who stared back at him, he lapsed into depression, not wanting to face the world, not wanting to see even his wife, Margie, who had spent every day since the accident at the hospital. Finally, goaded by Margie, Legge resolved to recover. A natural athlete, he set himself upon a relentless exercise regimen, pedalling the burn unit's Exercycle with such demonic intensity that he burned out a bearing. He would pedal until the backs of his knees, where skin had been removed for grafting, began to bleed.

When he recovered enough to return to Sydney, Legge was appalled and angered by the tactless stares of strangers on the streets of his home town. "I got to the point where I wanted to strangle everybody," Legge said later. "If I had had a big board, I would have gone running up the street swinging at everybody who was within swinging distance." The wives of other victims grew used to such bouts of temper. They found their husbands irritable, jumpy, depression-prone. "He's a changed man," said Bernadette Sollazzo, wife of Pepe. "He's not himself at all," echoed Betty Clarke, whose husband, George, a rigger-ironworker with 37 years' service at Sysco, found himself bursting into tears without warning. "I was never a guy for crying," he said.

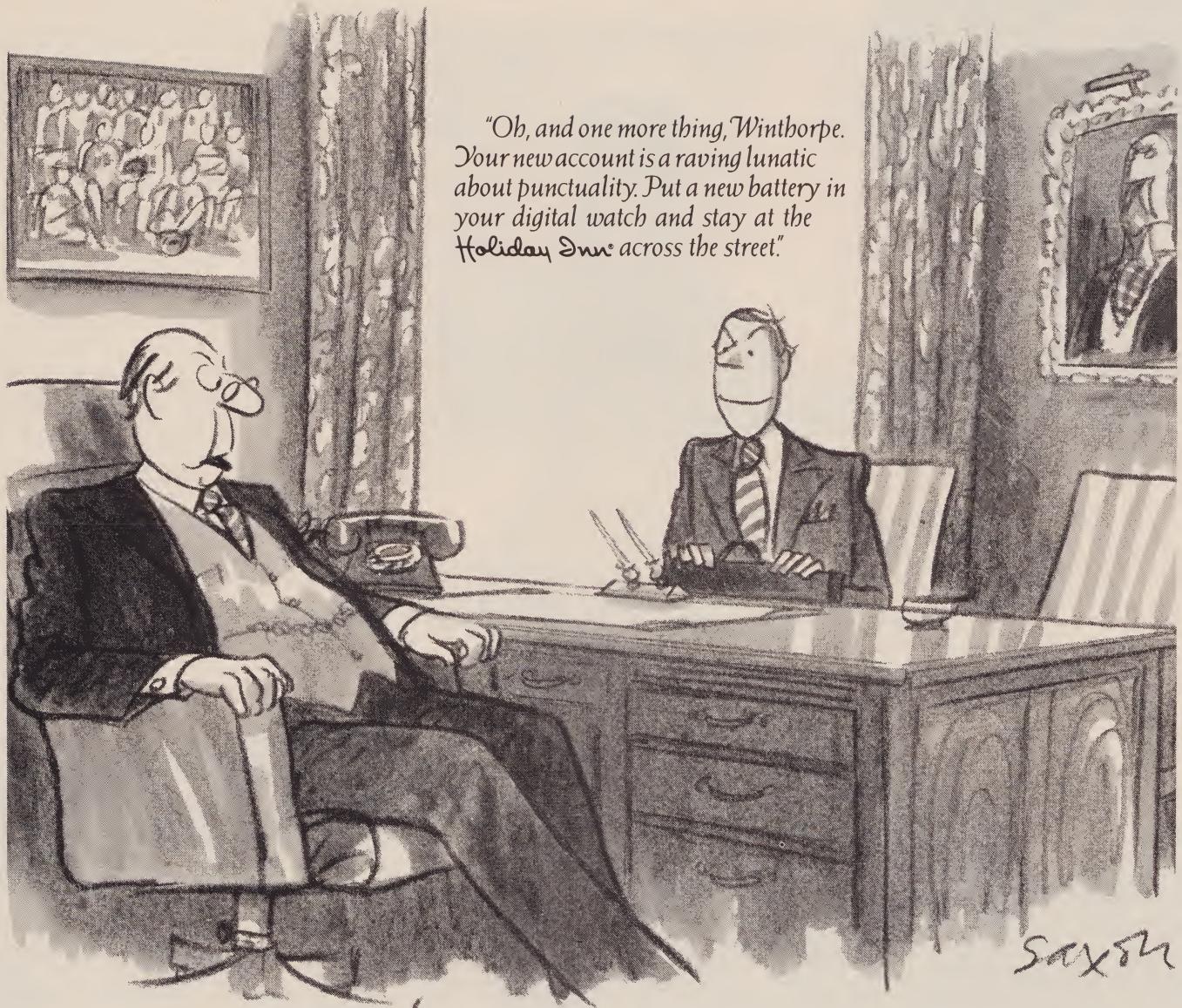
Whatever else may have caused this depression, the 17 coke ovens victims shared at least one important source of worry. They had come face to face with Canada's penurious treatment of industrial accident victims.

In Nova Scotia, compensation

benefits equal 75% of a worker's gross earnings at the time of an accident. But there's a hitch. The system insures earnings only up to a specified income limit. In 1977, the limit was \$12,000. Despite the fact that steelworkers earned \$14,000 to \$15,000, the injured men received only 75% of \$12,000. It worked out to \$173 per week.

All suffered a precipitous drop in income at a time when their expenses—for things such as travel to the Halifax hospitals by family members—rose sharply. Those who stayed off work more than a year were entitled to \$200 a month from the Canada Pension Plan. But many never realized Canada Pension benefits applied to them, and no one bothered to tell them. The same was true of a \$200-a-month "helpless allowance" from the Workers' Compensation Board for totally disabled workers who couldn't be left alone.

According to Legge, the quest for compensation benefits resembled a treasure hunt. A claimant who asked received everything he was entitled to, but you had to know exactly what to



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SPECIAL REPORT

ask for. No one volunteered the information.

Sollazzo, who had worked 41 years at Sysco without a single compensation claim, was outraged by the board's nickel-and-dime attitude. Claims officers refused to help him reimburse his nephew for driving him to the hospital daily during more than a year of physical therapy, because Sollazzo could not supply receipts. If he had taken a cab, as he was entitled to do, the bill would have been much higher, but the board would have had to pay it. Three times, Sollazzo had to ask doctors or lawyers to intervene because the board refused to provide fare for his wife to accompany him on trips to Halifax for followup treatment—this at a time when he could not even dress himself. Other workers were expected to make the 864-km round trip by bus, despite burns that made it painful for them to sit down as long as 10 minutes. Many complained of cursory examinations and rude treatment from Compensation Board doctors.

Compensation continued only as long as the men were under active treatment. Once skin grafting was completed and wounds healed, each of the accident victims went before a board doctor, who passed judgment on the extent of permanent disability, if any. Scars and emotional turmoil are not considered disabilities, and many were therefore deemed to have no lasting injury and were cut off compensation altogether.

Only Clarence Keller qualified as totally, permanently disabled. He continued to receive \$173 a week (adjusted each year by a cost-of-living formula) plus the "helpless allowance." Several others were ruled as having permanent partial disabilities. The most severe of these was Wilfred Chiasson, a pipefitter-helper. Though his doctor advised him against returning to work, the board ruled that he was only 35% disabled. That meant he got roughly 35% of 75% of \$12,000—\$259.58 a month. Chiasson accepted early retirement from the plant, which meant he got only a reduced share of his company pension.

In cases where the board considered the permanent disability slight, it offered a onetime cash settlement instead of monthly payments. For an injured worker who had fallen into debt while on temporary compensation, the cash was tempting. Mickey Hayes, 51 at the time of the accident, accepted \$10,000. Donny Hollohan, a 39-year-old safety inspector, took



J.D. (Jack) Coffin, Traffic Manager
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J. Wendell Murphy, Manager, Sales & Services
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SPECIAL REPORT

\$1,200. These payments relieved the board of any further obligation.

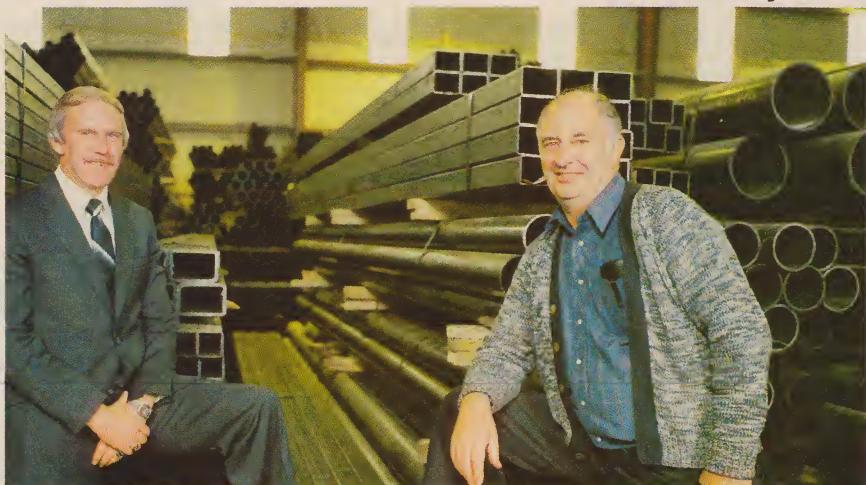
Two of the coke ovens victims are still considered to be convalescing. Through a quirk in the law, their compensation is not adjusted for cost-of-living increases. Pepe Sollazzo still receives the same \$173 a week he got when the accident happened. He sold his house and moved into a trailer.

Boredom and financial worries caused Joe Legge to demand re-employment at the steel plant early in 1980. Against his doctor's wishes, he took an office job in the industrial relations department. Within months, the government announced massive layoffs, forcing cutbacks in every department. As the last man hired, Legge was the first to go. The company gave him a choice between unemployment and returning to the coke ovens. (Having proved himself capable of light work, Legge is no longer eligible for compensation, except when he returns to Halifax for further rounds of plastic surgery. When that happens, as it did for three months last spring, Legge's income falls to \$173 per week.) He now works in a warehouse about 75 yards from the site of the 1977 accident.

In October, 1979, the victims of the coke ovens explosion had one final fleeting moment in the public spotlight. Murray Hannem, a Sydney lawyer and workers' compensation counsellor, complained to a legislative committee that the Workers' Compensation Board was ignoring the continued suffering of the men he called "the Forgotten 17." Labor Minister Ken Streatch, a member of the committee, promised to consider legislation granting the men special pensions. But nothing more was ever heard of the idea.

On August 17, this year, heavy rain caused extensive flooding at the coke ovens. George Clarke, the rigger-ironworker who complained of unpredictable crying jags, spent the following day on a crew that was trying to prevent further damage to the decrepit facility. While they worked, an abnormal buildup of pressure caused gas to leak unseen through a pressure relief device just below the steel platform where they stood. Shortly after 11 p.m., sparks from a torch ignited the gas. A ball of fire shot up around the platform, singeing the eyebrows of one worker, but leaving Clarke and the others unhurt.

Inside the warehouse, Joe Legge heard the blast and watched the doors rattle. He picked up the phone and



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SPECIAL REPORT

called a replacement. "You've got 10 minutes to get here," he said, "I'm going home."

George Clarke did not go home. While Legge spent a night punctuated with screams of terror, his fireball nightmare returning again and again, Clarke stayed behind to help repair the leak. The fourth anniversary of the 1977 explosion was one week away.

Four weeks later, Clarke was rushed to hospital with a bleeding ulcer; an operation removed part of his stomach. While he was recuperating, an acquaintance called Betty Clarke to find out how her husband was doing, and the conversation turned to the most recent explosion. Betty pressed for details. Hadn't she heard about what happened? the caller asked. She hadn't. George Clarke had never mentioned the incident. ☐

Up coming in Atlantic Insight

Alex Colville: The Maritimer some critics call the best realist painter of the 20th century. By Harry Bruce

Anne Murray: North America's singing sweetheart comes home to Nova Scotia

Preston, N.S.: Could it become another Africville?

Travel: A winter holiday in Quebec City



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Calendar

NEW BRUNSWICK

Nov.—Fredericton Chamber Orchestra and Choral Society presents "An Evening of Mozart," Nov. 27, Christ Church (Parish), Fredericton; Nov. 28, Trinity Anglican Church, Saint John

Nov.—1981-82 McCain Cup, N.B. Hawks play—Nov. 6, 22, Nova Scotia; Nov. 14, Fredericton; The Coliseum, Moncton

Nov.—Theatre New Brunswick presents "Talley's Folly," Nov. 2, Moncton; Nov. 3, Sussex; Nov. 4-6, Saint John; Nov. 7, St. Stephen

Nov. 1-20—Christine Scott: Wall hangings, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Nov. 1-22—History of Medicine, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Nov. 1-30—Will Ogilvie: War Artist, Moncton Museum

Nov. 2-21—Freeman Patterson's Photography: Forty-seven color prints, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

Nov. 2-21—Couleurs d'Acadie, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

Nov. 4-7, 11-14—Curtain Call Theatre presents "Veronica's Room," by Ira Levin, Community Services Theatre, Moncton

Nov. 5—The 1981-82 McCain Cup, Fredericton Express vs. N.B. Hawks, Aitken Centre, Fredericton

Nov. 7-Dec. 12—Contemporary Quebec Prints and Drawings, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Nov. 19, 20—Neptune Theatre presents "Step/Dance," Sackville

Nov. 27, 28—Reeven: The impossiblist, Aitken Centre, Fredericton

Nov. 30—Theatre New Brunswick presents "You're a Good Man Charlie Brown," Edmundston

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Nov. 4-29—Robert Harris (1849-1919), Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Nov. 4-Dec. 6—Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen Profile '81: An exhibit of fine, juried craftwork, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Nov. 5-7—Island Community Theatre presents "The Miracle Worker," Confederation Centre

Nov. 12-14—2nd Annual Charlottetown Area Auto Show, Confederation Centre

Nov. 12-17—Reeven: The impossiblist, Confederation Centre



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Nov. 18—Opera Piccola, Confederation Centre

Nov. 19-21—P.E.I. Craftsmen's Council Annual Christmas Fair, Confederation Centre

Nov. 20—"The Englishman Amused": A comic revue of British history, Confederation Centre

Nov. 28—P.E.I. Symphony, Confederation Centre

Nov. 29—Musicians' Gallery Sunday Concert presents Bempechat on piano, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

NOVA SCOTIA

Nov.—Neptune Theatre presents "Step/Dance," Nov. 4, Milford; Nov. 5, Cornwallis; Nov. 6, Church Point; Nov. 7, Yarmouth; Nov. 8, Shelburne; Nov. 9, Bridgewater; Nov. 11, Truro; Nov. 12, Antigonish; Nov. 13, Port Hawkesbury; Nov. 14, Inverness; Nov. 15, Neil's Harbour; Nov. 17, Glace Bay; Nov. 18, New Glasgow

Nov.—The 1981-82 McCain Cup, N.S. Voyageurs play—Nov. 1, New Brunswick; Nov. 29, Fredericton, Metro Centre, Halifax

Nov.—N.S. Voyageurs play—Nov. 1, Moncton; Nov. 3, 20, Springfield; Nov. 8, Adirondack; Nov. 17, Maine; Nov. 27, Rochester; Nov. 29, Fredericton, Metro Centre, Halifax

Nov. 1-22—Musical Manuscripts: By 20th century composers, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Nov. 6, 7—Christmas Sale, Pictou

Nov. 7—The first Annapolis Christmas Arts and Crafts Fair, Annapolis Royal

Nov. 7—3rd Annual Zonta Christmas Craft Fair, Truro

Nov. 7—Annual Yuletide Bazaar: Bakery, craft sale, Grace Maternity Hospital, Halifax

Nov. 12-15—N.S. Designer Craftsmen Craft Sale, Metro Centre, Halifax

Nov. 13—Toronto Dance Theatre, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Nov. 13-Dec. 6—"Absurd Person Singular": A comedy of domestic misadventure, Neptune Theatre, Halifax

Nov. 14—Opera Piccola, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Nov. 16, 17—Atlantic Symphony Orchestra: Featuring violinist, Victor Danchenko, Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Halifax

Nov. 20, 21—Atlantic Symphony Orchestra presents a Beatles Concerto with duo pianists Rostal and Shaeffer,

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Calendar

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium

Nov. 20-22—Christmas at the Forum Craft and Antique Festival, Halifax

NEWFOUNDLAND

Nov.—"The Englishman Amused": A comic revue of British history, Nov. 5-8, St. John's; Nov. 9, Gander; Nov. 10, Grand Falls; Nov. 12, Corner Brook; Nov. 13, Stephenville, Arts and Culture Centres

Nov.—Anna McGoldrick: Singer, Nov. 2, 3, St. John's; Nov. 4, Gander; Nov. 5, Grand Falls; Nov. 6, Corner Brook; Nov. 7, Stephenville, Arts and Culture Centres

Nov. 1—CLB Band in concert, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Nov. 1-30—Emma Lake: New Painters, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Nov. 1-30—Recent Acquisitions, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

Nov. 7-9—Fall Fair: Dances, crafts, bake sales, Rushoon

Nov. 15—The Wonderful Grand Band, Arts and Culture Centre, Grand Falls

Nov. 15-Dec. 30—Charlotte Lindgren: Fibre works, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

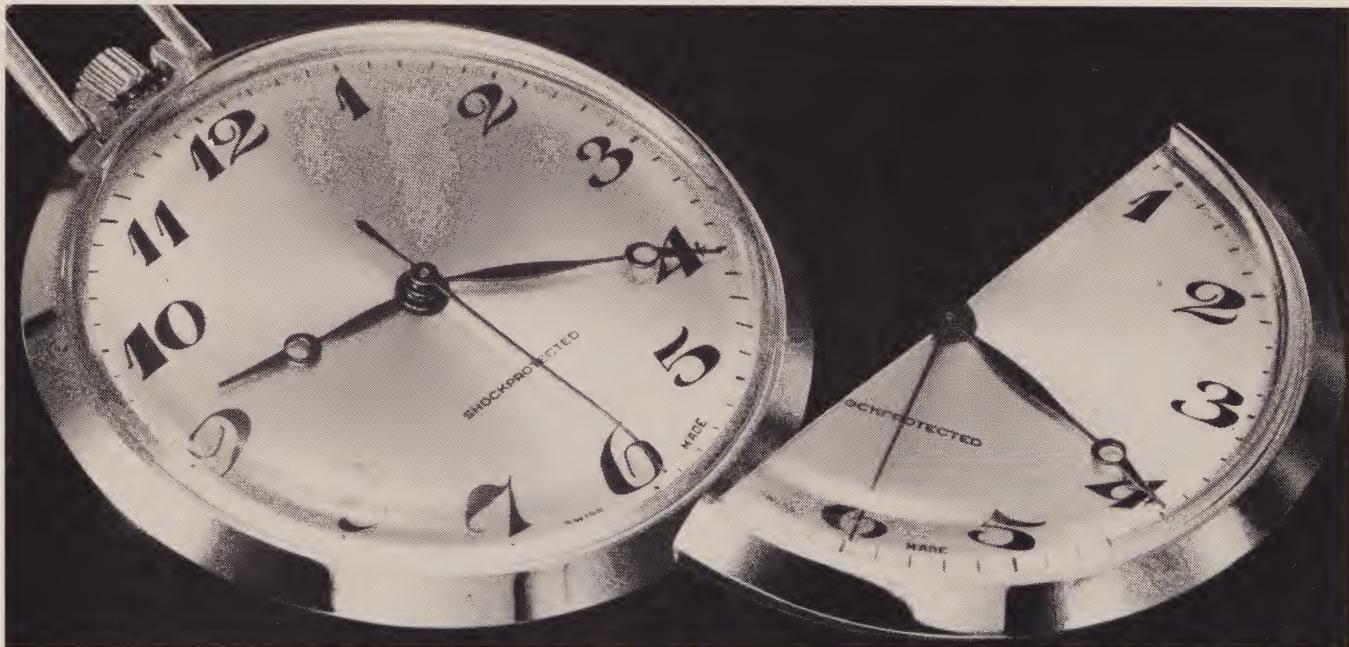
Nov. 20-28—Rodgers and Hammerstein's Second World War musical drama "South Pacific," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Nov. 23-28—Nfld. and Labrador Crafts Development Association-Sponsored Christmas Fair, Mary Queen of Peace Hall, St. John's

Nov. 29, 30—Grenfell College Choir presents "Noel, Noel," Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook



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Technology

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Trevor chooses to push a series of numbers that makes a green chequerboard pop onto the screen. This is Riversi, a version of Xs and Os, played on the buttons. Adrian wins.

To a purist, the Tompkins' terminal is not a computer. The actual electronic brain is miles away in an office building. But the rec-room terminal represents the leading edge of a computer-centred information network that some tout as "the personal communications and information service of the future." The words come from a brochure introducing Project Mercury: A million-dollar, 18-month demonstration and test of Canada's Telidon technology, sponsored by the New Brunswick Telephone Company.

Telidon, developed by the federal Department of Communications, is one of several competing technologies known as "videotex." All have one feature in common: They allow users to call up computer-generated words and pictures from central memory banks. Information in Telidon's central

banks can be updated daily or hourly. With the right terminal, a user can feed his or her own information back into the system.

The Tompkinses were among about 60 New Brunswick families who volunteered to try Telidon for Project Mercury. N.B. Tel installed other terminals in libraries and schools. All draw on an information base that runs to 5,000 electronic "pages." Viewers can call up news highlights, listings of community events, a stock market analysis, electronic Yellow Pages and a variety of games.

For the future, Telidon's boosters promise much more: Real estate listings and catalogue shopping, banking at home, the latest drug research for doctors, legal precedents for lawyers.

But for now, some Project Mercury volunteers are a little disappointed. "Right now there's not that much we can do with it," Monique Gill says. "There's only the information on it that a few people have been kind enough to put on. Nothing one would not have known already."

"I can see the possibilities," Carl Tompkins says. "But it's very limited right now. It would be nice if you could get your bank balance, if they had what's on in the city tonight."

There are two reasons why Project Mercury's menu is thin gruel. One is the length of time it takes to translate information into electronic images. Words can be entered quickly, but Telidon's striking graphics are a painstaking job. Fern Bennett, N.B. Tel's graphic artist for Project Mercury, spent six hours on the RCMP crest used in one program.

The other reason is a matter of dollars and cents. All Project Mercury information is volunteered. Services such as banking at home won't be available until someone figures out how to make money from them. Graham McDougall of Richardson Securities, which prepares Project Mercury's business guide, predicts more advertisers will come to see the benefits of Telidon. Real estate agents, he says, could find its detailed graphics a powerful selling tool for houses.

"Two things have to happen," says N.B. Tel's manager of advanced services, Cleve Pendleton. "A Telidon terminal has to get down to a few hundred dollars. And you have to get advertisers interested. Of course advertisers want the numbers [of terminals in use]. It's a chicken-and-egg situation."

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McGuinness Vodka.

Technology

Tourism Department tested Telidon at four of its tourist bureaus. On the "menu" were accommodations available in parks and hotels, what to visit in Newfoundland and Labrador, where to find handcrafts or real seal-flipper pie. Maritime Tel and Tel expects to have Telidon terminals on display by Christmas in Halifax-Dartmouth shopping centres. A phone company official, Howard McNutt, envisages a Telidon service for fishermen, including the latest weather, tide and currents information, reports of navigational aids out of service, and the latest fish landings, markets and prices.

Allan Billard, the Eastern Fishermen's Federation director, calls the proposal "impressive," although much of the information is already available. And while markets and prices could be valuable to fishermen, Billard adds: "I asked them three times what it would cost and they couldn't tell me. That tells me two things: It's jeezus expensive, and they don't know [how much it will cost]."

Telidon's computer network may be for tomorrow. But home computers are getting cheaper and more powerful almost daily, and you can own one for less than the price of a good stereo.

"There's a complete system now you can get for \$300," marvels Lyn Webber, of Dartmouth, whose TV-size machine cost 10 times that only four years ago. "A person who drinks a lot of beer spends that much money in a year." Webber bought his computer as a toy. Now he runs a part-time business in computer "software"—programs or instructions that make the terminal do what you tell it to—for other hobbyists. His "toy" keeps track of his invoices.

The software programs that allow a computer to do its stuff cost \$30 to \$300. They will keep track of the family finances, calculate bio-rhythms, or play chess with the talent of a Boris Spassky. One, a football game program, reproduces an on-screen field complete with teams, offers the armchair quarterback 110 offensive calls, blows a whistle at the end of each play, and shuts down at half time; it costs \$40.

Games, not information, may prove the computer's most irresistible talent. In amusement arcades, computer-driven video games "are outplaying pinball two to one," observes Bill Shepherd, operator of more than 100 video games around St. John's. The games have names such as Galaxian and Space Invaders. Players "pilot" video spacecraft into battle and dispatch enemy ships in vivid explosions

of color and sound.

Video games have drawn a new clientele into amusement arcades. Pin-striped suits rub shoulders with denim jackets at the Missile Command console and Astroblaster screen. The lure works as well for home computers.

At Compucentre, the region's first computer store aimed directly at ordinary consumers, teen-agers cluster around the games display. The store, a kiosk of Saint John's Brunswick Square, offers nearly 100 video games. But it also stocks computers in all their guises, including hand-held calculators that can be programmed to calculate your bio-rhythms or survey land. The more complex and powerful home computers have fetching names such as Pet and Apple.

"It's the future. The 1980s and

accountant does, Rickett says. How does he know? Because he's already sold two to an accounting firm.

Mary Long of Bloomfield Ridge, N.B., bought her home computer as a family toy. Now she types wine recipes for her truck-driver husband into the computer's memory bank. In a year, two at the most, she'll be able to dial up the world's great libraries through her living-room computer. And it will be just a little longer before people can review their stock portfolios over coffee, with a flick of the Telidon switch.

The adventure into electronic intelligence seems to come naturally to the young. "My little one is four," Mary Long says, "and he's been playing with the computer for a year now. My 10-year-old tries to make up his own



Shoppers browse in a Saint John computer store

1990s business," predicts Compucentre owner Tony Rickett. "One of every five households in the next five years will have considered, or will have bought, a home computer."

Those who buy a computer for fun and games tend to become hooked by its other abilities. Brett Goguen, a 28-year-old newsstand clerk, bought his microcomputer last spring. Now, he's cataloguing his library. "I've got almost 1,000 books. I'll have them by name, author, anything else I can think of to put them under. And I've got a stamp collection I'm going to do it with, and records."

A businessman who buys a computer for the football games can also pick up an off-the-shelf program for \$200 that will do everything his

programs. I forget how to do something, and he says, 'You do it this way.'"

More and more schools are offering, indeed requiring, computer training. "It's here, it's a fact of life," says Frank Mitchell, co-ordinator of senior high education in Halifax. "Let's show them how to do it right." Half the 4,700 pupils in Halifax's four high schools have already taken basic "computer literacy" courses. Mitchell expects it will soon become a regular element of the Grade 10 math course.

For anybody who learned to write in the days when schools insisted on straight pens, however, the power of the breadbox under the TV is half wondrous, half frightening. But it's getting harder and harder to escape.

— Chris Wood

The Exumas. David and Jill's Bahamas.



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over endless coral gardens.

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to frame each ancient wall in red.

New friends.

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full half the western sky. Two children
and one sand crab...
maintaining safe distance from each other



as they move along
a near deserted shore.
The taste of salt on sun-dried
skin at end of day.

Lament of lone guitar
drifts gently through the night.

Soft cushions... cognac
and leCarré. Then sleep.

One last remembered view...
and silent vow to come again some day.

The Exumas.
They could be your Bahamas.

It's Better In The Bahamas

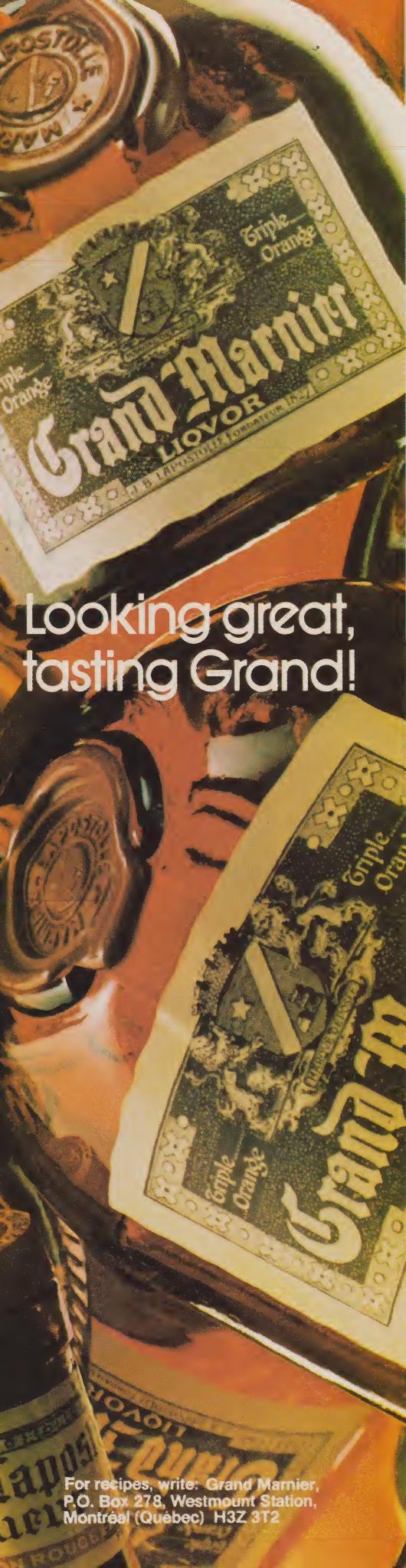


Harry Bruce's column

Win the marathon? Sure, Harry, sure



Looking great,
tasting Grand!



For recipes, write: Grand Marnier,
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Montréal (Québec) H3Z 3T2

I'll trounce Ralph Hollett. Yes, that's the idea. I'll whip his ass. At 47, I'll wipe the floor with the middleweight champion of Canada. Or rather, I'll run him into the ground. A superkeen guy named Barry Walsh has phoned to say, "We're going to have this Terry Fox Marathon of Hope, Mr. Bruce. The lieutenant-governor's coming, and even Reid Dexter [beloved weatherman on CBC Halifax's *Information Morning*]. The CBC's going to film it. The Saint Mary's Huskies are running, and a whole bunch of politicians and real celebrities, and we'd sure like you to be with us at the starting line." *Did he really call me a celebrity?* I fight the hook, but not for long.

"Oh, I don't think so, Mr. Walsh," I say, lighting another Rothman's Special Mild. "I haven't jogged for weeks. I'm in terrible shape. I couldn't run my way out of a paper bag. I'd have to quit smoking....Um, what's the course like?"

"Well, it's 10 kilometres. That's a bit better than six miles, but it's nice and level. No hills. You just trot around this pretty little duck pond. Ralph Hollett's running, too."

I have two weeks to train. I swear off the Special Milds, blow \$100 on snowy socks, silky shorts, a snazzy T-shirt of the sort worn by winners of the Boston Marathon, and an elegant pair of Brooks runners' shoes, with blue and grey stripes. (Poor Hollett. He'll probably turn up in boxers' shoes, fine for the ring but pathetic against top marathon talent.) Then, day after day, I hurl myself round Point Pleasant Park. I do all the stretching exercises that *Runners' World* magazine recommends, and at last I can snap off 10 km in 54 minutes. That, my fat friends, is roughly six nine-minute miles. Watch out, Sebastian Coe. Here I come, Ralph Hollett.

An omen I should heed: Max Bruce, 13, bursts into the kitchen just before I

drive out to the starting line, and he says he's been to an earlier Marathon of Hope. He has never before shown the slightest interest in running, and he's wearing an old pair of his mother's shoes. "Well, well, well," I say. "I guess you had to walk most of the way, eh?"

"Oh no, Dad, but my time wasn't too good. It took me 54 minutes. That's only about six nine-minute miles."

Another omen: In the Celebrity Zone at Tantallon Junior High School, I find none other than Marilyn MacDonald, editor of *Atlantic Insight*. "Hello Marilyn," I say coolly. "You a celebrity, too?" She wears a grey sweatshirt, white shorts that look fine on her but certainly aren't runners' shorts, a beat-up pair of blue-and-yellow Adidas with frayed shoelaces and—har, har—blue socks with no stripes. Real runners always wear white socks with stripes. Besides, Marilyn's just a slip of a girl.

"I'll run along with you for a while, Marilyn, just to keep you company. But I'm out to beat Ralph Hollett so don't be sore when I leave you in the dust."

"Sure, Harry," she says. "Sure." Bang! Off we go. She flies up the first huge hill (curse Barry Walsh) like a startled gazelle. She is supremely comfortable. I am gasping, wheezing, desperate. I can't talk. She is actually making funny remarks about the running style of those we keep passing. She chatters away, steps up the pace. Rivers of sweat roll down my face. A cramp in my left side makes me face the horrifying possibility that this little female person, my editor yet, may not only beat me but may force me out of the race entirely. The cramp fades. A rush of adrenalin, or masculine fear, hurls me ahead in a fantastic sprint for the finish. Surely I've left her hundreds of yards behind. I stagger up to the finish line, proudly announce, "Harry Bruce." Beside me, a small, firm voice says, "And Marilyn MacDonald." Migod, it's a tie. We both get certificates

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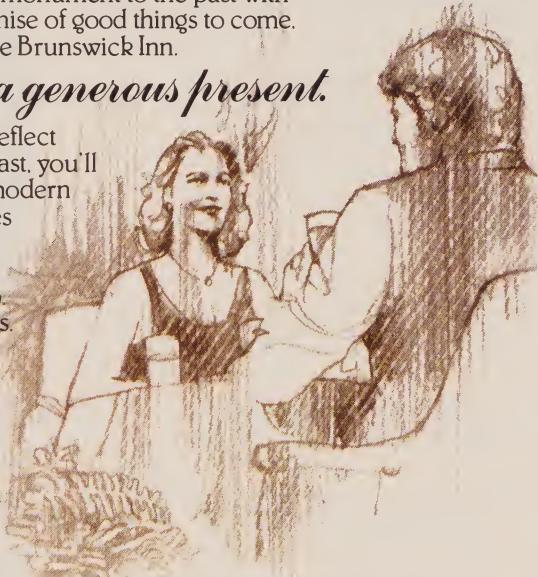
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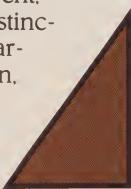
The old grocery store was once known as Barlow's Corner, because of Ezekiel Barlow who, in 1814, was so determined to procure the property, pushed a wheelbarrow laden with Mexican silver dollars up the seemingly insurmountable Chipman Hill.

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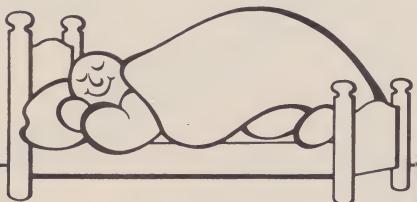
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Harry Bruce's column

to prove our time is 50 minutes.

More than 700 runners and walkers started the race, and we're among the first 100 to finish. That plodding prize-fighter must be a mile back in the pack and, sure enough, a full 20 minutes pass before I find him in the men's can. He has a luxuriant black mustache, dark and surprisingly gentle eyes, short legs, a massive hairy chest, a torso like the proverbial brick backhouse. I, of course, have a stringy body, a *runner's* body, and I challenge him on the spot.

"All right, champ, what was your time?"

"I don't know," he mildly replies. "I just run to keep in shape."

"Don't give me that, Hollett. You've got your certificate right there in your hand. That'll tell us your time."

I grab his certificate. It says, "Thank you for supporting Terry's Dream. Name: Ralph Hollett. Time: 39 minutes."

Oh.

The brick backhouse has merely run six miles at an average speed of better than six-and-a-half minutes per mile. Why doesn't the brute pick on someone his own age, anyway?

I find Marilyn. "Let's get the hell out of here," I tell her. "I need a Rothman's Special Mild."

"Sure, Harry," she says. "Sure." ☒

The winnah is...

Atlantic Insight has sent three shiny new books to Dave Harley, Halifax, because he's the winner of The Great *Atlantic Insight* Midwinter Horrible Holiday contest (Harry Bruce's column, Aug.-Sept.). His "North Atlantic Drift Ice Tour" goes like this:

"Board your air-conditioned, wind-powered ice clamper on the Labrador coast, drift aimlessly through the Strait of Belle Isle to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and finally come to rest among the growlers of picturesque Sydney harbor....A complimentary harpoon is provided for challenging encounters with frisky polar bears....You'll pass such historic sites as the places where the *Patrick Morris* sank, and the *William Carson*, and the *Kurdistan*, and....Bring your camera. Capture the colorful antics of the seals as they scamper from club to club....At tour's end in Sydney, the historically minded may visit the famous Blast Furnace of yore, and the Slag Heap. The truly adventurous will surely want to stop in at the General Office for a peek at the Balance Sheet. BOOK EARLY. LAST YEAR WE WERE JAMMED."

KRIEGHOFF
J.B. Jolifou, Aubergiste. Oil. (1871)



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Neil Murray whomps the competition with pure Newfie sound

The rest of radio may reel with rock but the audience belongs to Murray's Jigg's Dinner

What was that again?" Neil Murray strains to hear over the banjo and voices singing "Fiddler's Green" (*Dress me up in my oilskins and jumper/ No more on the docks I'll be seen*). "...on the birth of a baby girl...?" Balancing himself on a high stool, the phone between shoulder and chin, and a pad of graph paper on one knee, Murray scribbles down the greeting he'll read over the air, along with happy birthdays from Southern Harbour, anniversary congratulations from Corner Brook, and the umpteenth request for Dick Gardiner's "Labrador Rose."

Except for Murray and his technician, the CHOZ-FM studios on the edge of St. John's are empty, but these two Sunday morning hours are the busiest they'll see all week. For the other 164 hours, the station plays rock music, mostly the heavy metal variety, to a young radio audience. But *Jigg's Dinner*, which features traditional Newfoundland music and its European and Canadian cousins, has been the station's most popular show since Murray started it close to four years ago. Sunday's show, which is rebroadcast the following Saturday, attracts as large an audience as its main competition, the CBC's top-rated *Sunday Morning*. "People tell me they've changed the time they go to church so they can hear the show," Murray says.

Murray plays Newfoundland music in its purest forms, the unaccompanied ballads and fiddle tunes brought from England and Ireland and Scotland and Breton France, unchanged after hundreds of years in the New World. He plays tapes of the late Mose Harris, a singer from Lethbridge, Bonavista Bay, and of fiddlers such as Rufus Guinchard and Emile Behoit, both from the west coast of Newfoundland. He plays the records he heard at home in the Forties and Fifties by John White and Wilf Doyle and Omar Blondahl, performers who, with guitars and accordions, made popular songs

such as "I'se the B'y" and "Star of Logy Bay" that are now Newfoundland standards. He plays the twangy hybrid of old ballads and country music popularized by Harry Hibbs, Eddie Coffey, Dick Gardiner. He plays the new generation of singers such as Ryan's Fancy and the whole new breed of music, dubbed "trad-rock," by groups such as Figgy Duff, who combine ancient modal melodies, tin whistles and accordions with electric keyboards and rock-and-roll percussion. And that's not the half of it.

and survival, has been his all-consuming hobby for nearly 20 years. In his quiet, persuasive way he's been a crusader, and the popularity of *Jigg's Dinner* is only his most recent success.

"I knew a lot of the local musicians, rock groups, who were popular here in the Sixties and I did encourage them to make use of this store of beautiful melodies we have, instead of copying the rest of North America," Murray says. "I wanted to see these songs get on the radio. It was the only way to stem the tremendous influence of Nashville and Los Angeles." His concerns struck a chord with the

most popular rock group of the day, Lukey's Boat, named, prophetically, for a Newfoundland folk song. Laverne Squires, the group's talented singer, incorporated some old tunes into her rock-and-roll repertoire, and another member of the group, Noel Dinn, went on to form Figgy Duff, a virtuoso trad-rock quartet with a growing international reputation. "When you're talking about folk music in Newfoundland, you're not just talking about revival," Murray says. "You're talking about a living tradition."

The technician taps his arm and asks, "What's next, Neil?" "Just a moment, please," Murray says to the caller, puts down the receiver, swings around to a shelf crammed with records and reels of tape and, with the eye-of-the-storm calm of an absent-minded professor, pulls out an album by the Quebec folk group Le Reve du Diable. "Reel de la paix," he says, handing the record to the technician.

Phone calls from listeners keep the host of *Jigg's Dinner* busy while the music's playing, but Murray doesn't mind. "They show me there's a great audience out there that really loves the music," he says. "Some of the calls I get are quite touching, especially when an older fellow calls and says 'God bless you, sir, I haven't heard that song in 40 years.'"

— Amy Zierler



Murray: He's a crusader

"As long as it keeps the spirit of the music alive in some way, I play it on the show," Murray says. The result is an eclectic, entertaining, subtly educational mixture that makes people appreciate the common ingredients of the varieties of music. Murray, 38, is a journalist (he now edits the monthly magazine of the Newfoundland Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers Union) and a published poet. He holds several degrees in English literature (including one from Oxford University where he spent three years as a Rhodes Scholar). But Newfoundland music, its sources

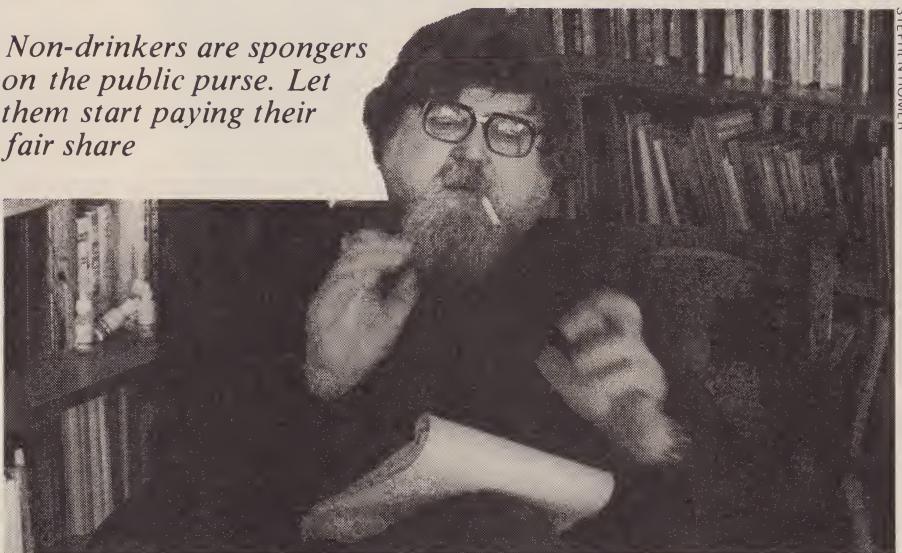


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Opinion

It's time to get tough with teetotallers

Non-drinkers are spongers on the public purse. Let them start paying their fair share



STEPHEN HOMMER

By Alden Nowlan

The price of a 40-oz. bottle of my favorite brand of gin has risen to \$19, almost twice what it cost less than five years ago. This is not the result of an astronomical increase in the price of juniper berries. It probably costs less to manufacture gin today than it did at the time of Confederation when it sold for 25 cents a gallon. Ninety percent or more of that \$19 goes to the federal and provincial governments, either in tax or in profit. The nation's drinkers are providing a grotesquely disproportionate share of the money it takes to run the country.

In my own province of New Brunswick, the government would virtually cease to function if it were not for the revenue from beer, wine and spirits. If every drinker in the province signed the pledge, we would have to shut down the schools and close the hospitals. We might even have to curtail the cabinet ministers' expense accounts. It's so blatantly unfair that if I were an abstainer, I don't think I could look a drinker in the face.

The teetotaller's children are taught to read and write at the drinker's expense. His illnesses—some of them doubtless brought on by self-deprivation—are treated in hospitals that would not have been built if it were not for the money extracted from the drinkers.

Let's not beat about the bush. The

teetotaller is a sponger on the public purse. That's not true, of course, of members of Alcoholics Anonymous, or other ex-imbibers, who have already contributed their share, or more than their share, to the treasury. On the other hand, it does apply to phony drinkers; people who order kir, for instance, are every bit as niggardly as the teetotallers; and the same could be said of those who order Dubonnet on the rocks.

If any other segment of the population were discriminated against to anything like the same extent as the nation's drinkers, there would be an insurrection. It was unfair taxation, after all, that ignited both the French Revolution and the American War of Independence. Yet neither the French peasantry nor the American colonists were ever imposed upon to the same degree as Canada's tipplers.

We have submitted, and continue to submit, for a reason only too painfully familiar to anyone who has studied the history of other downtrodden peoples. Our oppressors—the drys—have convinced us that we deserve no better.

The truth is that when the drinker hands over his money to the clerk in the government liquor store, he is doing far more for his country than for himself. The greater his contribution to the public good, the greater his personal sacrifice. His bladder may



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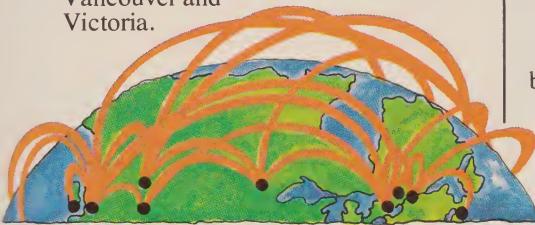
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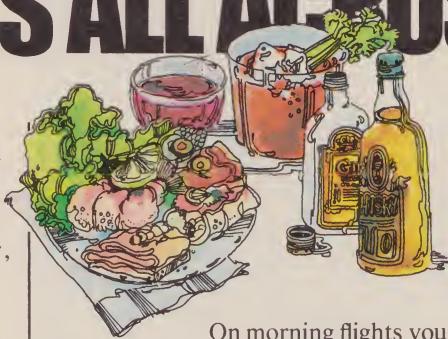
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Opinion

weaken, spots may appear on his liver, his bowels may go out of whack—but, thanks to him, our children will receive an education, and the lights will stay on in our hospital wards.

True, the government spends public funds on the treatment of alcoholics; but it's a piddling amount compared with the total revenue derived from the sale of alcoholic beverages. True, the drinker sometimes presents problems to society; but, then, so does the non-drinker. Britain's wartime prime minister, Winston Churchill, frequently downed a stiff hooker of scotch before he got out of bed in the morning. Hitler was a frantic teetotaller; mightn't it have been better if he had got rid of his frustrations by getting drunk occasionally?

Our Lord's first recorded miracle was changing water into wine; and to those drys who claim that it was really unfermented grape juice, I say: How come you insist that every other passage in the Bible has to be taken literally?

I'm not urging non-drinkers to drink; although, like our first and greatest prime minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, I'm always inclined to be a little suspicious of anyone whose breath smells too strongly of water. A teetotaller hurts nobody but himself, as Winston Churchill once told John Diefenbaker. It does seem to me, however, that in all decency the abstainers ought to be made to carry their fair share of the tax burden. That will come to pass only if the wets stop feeling guilty and inferior.

If such a time ever comes, it is to be hoped that the wets won't go so far as to enact legislation that would compel every adult dry to consume a certain amount of malt, vinous or spirituous beverages every year. Mind you, such legislation would not be without legal precedent. The drys did something very similar once. They called it Prohibition.

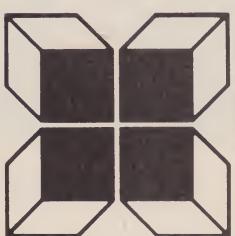
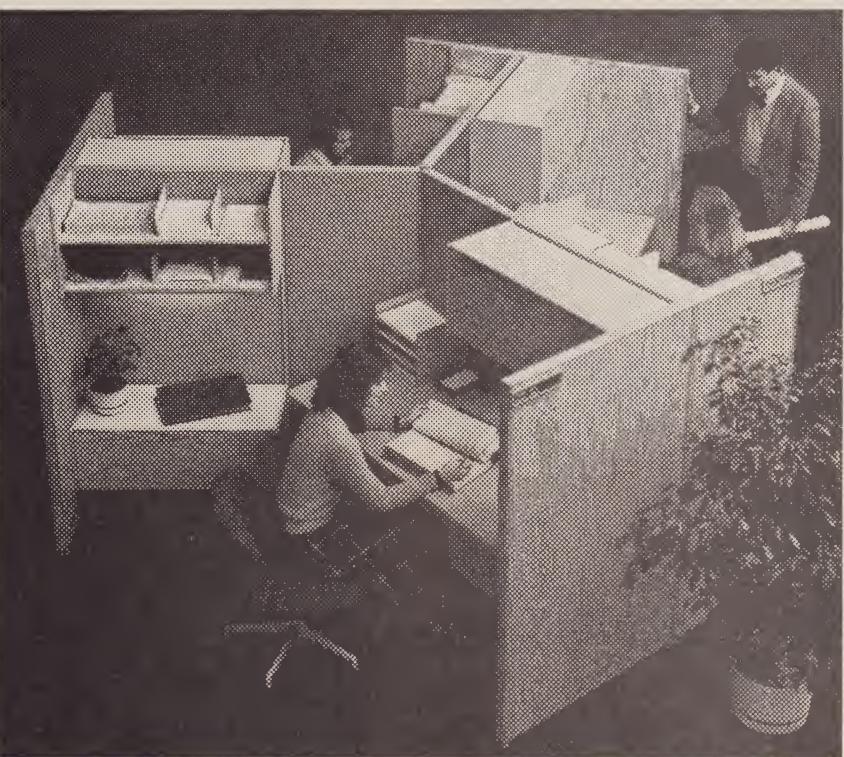
One method of distributing the tax load more equitably would be to grant a deduction in income tax to those who accompanied their annual return with a specified number of beer bottle caps, corks from wine bottles, or gin, whisky, vodka and rum labels. Another method would be to require adult abstainers to buy a teetotaller's licence, the fees from which would go into general revenue.

As matters stand, there must be tens of thousands of non-drinkers among us who have developed ulcers or become neurotic as a result of knowing, deep in their hearts, that when it comes to paying taxes, they are dead-heads and freeloaders.

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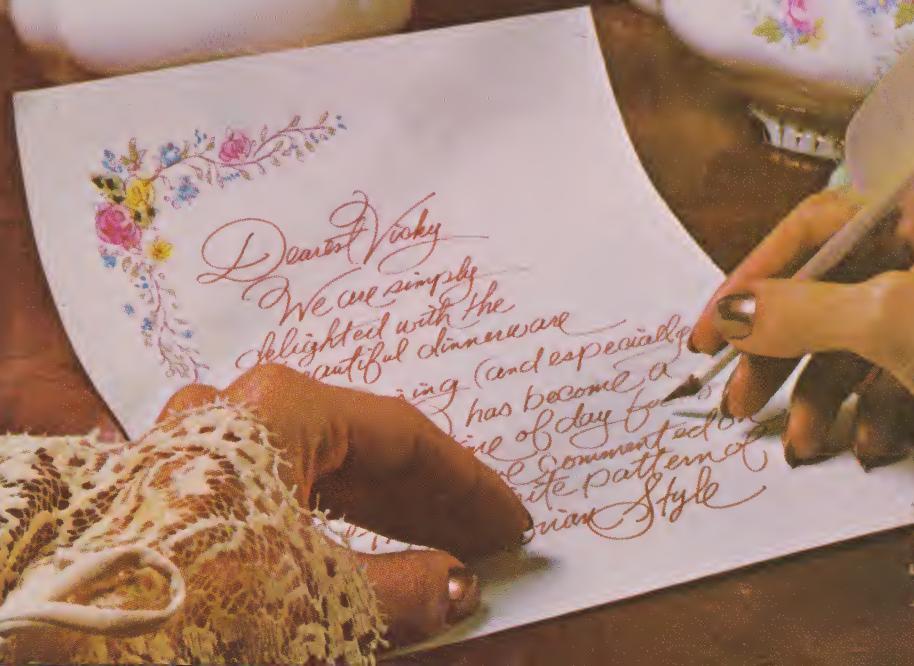


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You don't have to be a Scot to cook a haggis

So get busy now. And no excuses

By Pat Lotz

Nov. 30 is St. Andrew's Day, when Scottish societies around the world hold dinners in honor of Scotland's patron saint. Scots in North America have been doing this at least since 1657, when the first Scottish society on the continent was formed in Boston, Mass., though the character of these dinners has changed somewhat over the years.

Halifax boasts the oldest Scottish society in Canada—the North British Society, founded in 1768 and still going strong. In the 19th century, the society's St. Andrew's Day dinners were marathon events. In 1796, members sat down to dine at four in the afternoon and rose at midnight. It was the toast list following the meal that took up the time (in 1807, North Britishers drank 60 toasts). In 1898, the society made the mistake of asking local politicians to reply to the fifth toast, "Dominion, Provincial and Civic Rulers," and for the next three hours, they "afflicted fearful speeches upon an innocent and generally uninterested company." It was 2 a.m. before "the politicians had exhausted themselves and at the same time the patience of the majority of the Society." Attendance at the annual dinners dwindled drastically after 1886 when, as the result of a strong temperance crusade in Halifax, prohibitionists in the society succeeded in banning wines and spirits at the meal. In 1895, however, the bylaw was repealed.

One thing about St. Andrew's Day dinners has not changed: The haggis is still piped into the dining room, held aloft on a silver tray, its arrival at the table greeted by the recital of part of Robbie Burns's poem, "To a Haggis":

*Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin' race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm;
Weel are ye worthy of a grace
As lang's my arm.*

Burns's "great chieftain" has not received good press outside its native land. Uncouth Sassenachs have referred to it as "six yards of garden hose

boiled in a wellington boot," and there are Scotiaphiles who thrill to the sound of bagpipes and upholster their chairs in tartan but have never tasted Scotland's national dish. Haggis (the name comes from the Scottish word *hag*, to chop) is actually an unwieldy sausage made from oatmeal and the innards of a sheep, pig or deer, stuffed into a cleaned sheep's stomach and boiled.

If you are Scottish by birth, ancestry or inclination and would like to celebrate St. Andrew's Day, here are three recipes to try, including a non-traditional haggis.

Scotch Broth

An economical way of making this soup is to replace the lamb shoulder with the bone left over from a good-sized leg or shoulder roast. If you have a slow cooker, use it to make the following stock. Set cooker to low and cook for 6-8 hours.

Stock

1½ lbs. lamb shoulder
1 large onion, peeled and studded with 3 cloves
2 large carrots peeled and roughly chopped
1 slice lemon
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
5 cups water

Combine ingredients in a large saucepan and bring to a boil. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for 2½-3 hours. Remove the meat, discard any fat or gristle, chop and set aside in a covered bowl. Strain stock, cool and refrigerate until needed.

Soup

4 cups lamb stock
¼ cup pot barley
½ cup finely diced celery
¾ cup finely diced carrot
½ cup finely diced turnip
½ cup chopped lamb

Skim fat from lamb stock, transfer to large saucepan, add barley and bring to a boil. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Add the vegetables, simmer for 30 minutes or until barley is tender. Add the lamb, test for seasoning and serve hot. Serves 4.

Haggis Puddin'

Stuffing haggis into a sheep's

stomach (supposing one were available) has very limited appeal for the average cook. Here is a version steamed in a pudding basin. Serve it with well-seasoned mashed turnips or potatoes, or with a mixture of both, known in Scotland as "clapshot."

1½ lbs. pork liver
1½ cups rolled oats
1 cup shredded suet
¼ cup finely chopped onion
1 cup canned consommé
salt and pepper to taste
pinch cayenne
pinch nutmeg
1 tbsp. freshly squeezed lemon juice

Cover liver with water and simmer for 30 minutes. Drain, cool and chop very fine or process with on/off turns in a food processor. Spread oats on a cookie sheet and toast in a moderate oven until crisp and light brown. Mix together meat, oats, suet, consommé, seasonings and lemon juice. Turn into a greased basin, cover with 2 layers foil and stand on a rack in a large pan so that gently boiling water comes 1/3 of the way up the side of the basin. Steam for 2½ hours. Serves 6-8.

Shortbread

Traditional Scottish recipes for shortbread call for less butter than do those in modern cookbooks. The important thing to remember is never substitute margarine for the butter. Whenever possible, use unsalted butter. Here is a traditional recipe from Ayrshire, home of Robbie Burns.

½ lb. butter
1 cup all-purpose flour
1 cup rice flour
½ cup sugar
1 egg yolk, beaten
2 tbsp. light cream

Sieve flours into a bowl, add the butter and crumble it into the flour with your finger tips until the mixture has the texture of fine bread crumbs. Stir in sugar. Make a well in the centre of the mixture, pour in egg and cream and knead mixture gently with your hands into a dough. Smooth the dough into a 9-inch cake pan lined with greased paper. With a knife, mark out 8 or 10 wedges, taking care not to run the knife right through the dough. Bake in a preheated 325° F. oven for 40 minutes. Cool in the pan.



Lewis with National Ballet paintings: He knows how to draw a muscle

George Lewis: Pirouetting toward the big art breakthrough

This Yarmouth, N.S.-born artist's portraits of the National Ballet could win him a national name in a tough market

By Cheryl Hawkes

As a kid growing up in the Maritimes, George Lewis didn't see himself becoming a painter. Born in Yarmouth, N.S., Lewis was set to follow his father into the armed forces. He spent his childhood moving around, as his father changed postings throughout the Maritimes and Ontario. Lewis had always been good at drawing. But after he failed art in junior high, "I didn't try again for years."

Fortunately, he took another run at it and this month, Lewis' collection of paintings celebrating the National Ballet of Canada's 30th anniversary go on display at Toronto's Kar Gallery: Thirty paintings, 10 drawings and a series of signed posters depicting the life of a ballet company. The show, which runs from Nov. 8 to 22, is Lewis' first. If it is a success, he will have a four-year exclusive contract with Kar gallery owner Eugene Karniol, a veteran art dealer in the city. At 37, with six years as a full-time painter behind him, Lewis, a handsome, heavyset man with a bushy dark brown beard, brown eyes and a wry sense of humor, will

have cracked one of Canada's toughest art markets. And that, after years as a draftsman, art director and medical illustrator, isn't bad at all.

Many artists have approached the National Ballet asking to paint it, says ballet publicist Roz Gray, who checked out Lewis' work for the company and recommended he be given the go-ahead. "Most of them just couldn't draw dancers. George has worked in anatomy. He knows how to draw a muscle." What sold Gray on Lewis' work was his collection of paintings of Inuit families, done from photographs taken during a trip to the Far North four summers ago. "They absolutely knocked me out. They gave me a feeling of being there. His work is not pretty, but it's very real, almost photographic and very emotional."

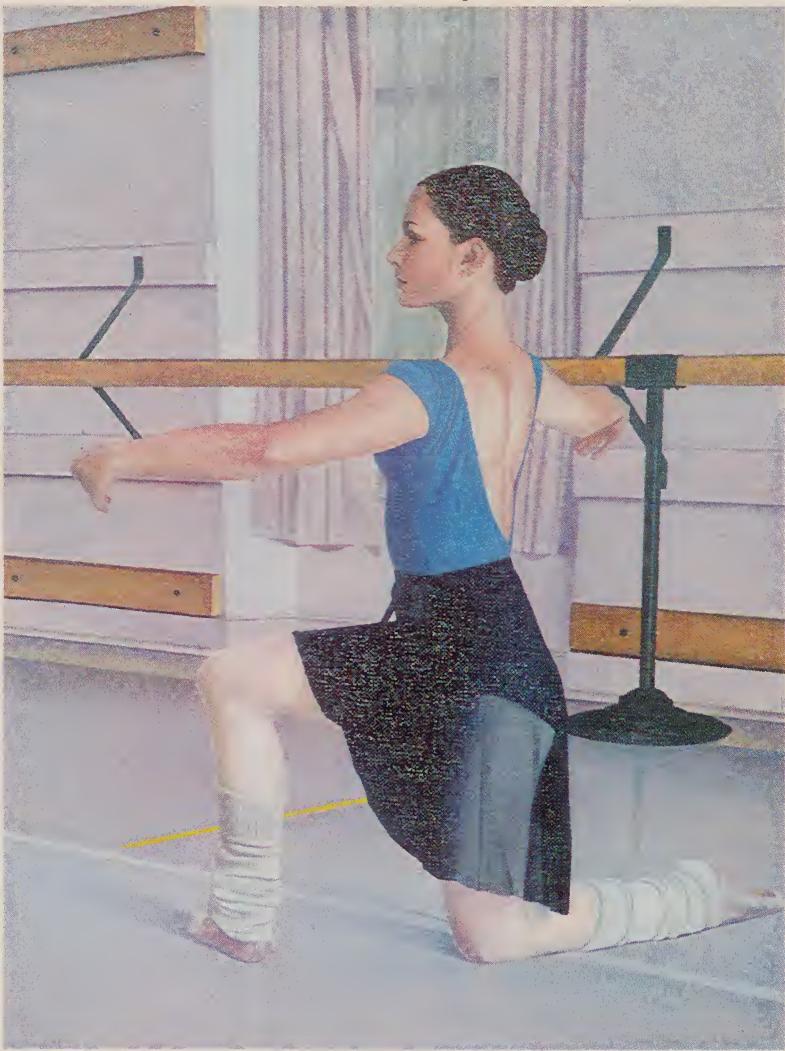
Lewis first thought of painting the ballet company two years ago. "I like the arts, the classical look of the ballet. I'm a romantic, I guess, and I generally like to paint women more than men. Women seem to be able to do more with their own solitude. They can

express a single, lonely moment so many different ways. And that's what I'm after—a sense of solitude."

The ballet project went from a dream to reality in a curious way. Just over a year ago, Lewis was sitting in an outdoor café in Toronto's Yorkville district, his camera on the table and a painting he'd just completed at his side, when he noticed one of the customers taking his photograph. Lewis retaliated by picking up his own camera, pointing it at the man and snapping away and the two soon struck up a conversation. The customer was Toronto lawyer Hart Pomerantz who became interested in Lewis' work and asked to buy the painting, called "Girl on a Dock." Three days later, Lewis appeared at the lawyer's office with a gift—a painting of Pomerantz done from the photos taken in the Yorkville café. "I was impressed with his skill and his speed," says Pomerantz. "He picks things up like a laser beam. He seldom uses much beyond his own eyeball."

Pomerantz introduced Lewis to Karniol, who's sold about 25 of Lewis' paintings over the past year. Unaware that this was the company's anniversary year, the two approached the National Ballet and, through Roz Gray, convinced artistic director Alexander Grant he should let Lewis paint the company at work. What emerges is a portrait of the ballet, onstage and off, in costume and in rehearsal. The paintings are based on photographs Lewis took of the company and the National Ballet School in Toronto over the summer.

Lewis' first artistic commission was in 1963



Lewis' work is "very real, almost photographic, and very emotional."

at a restaurant, The Three Musketeers, in Sherbrooke, Que. He was 19. The owner saw him doodling and asked if he could paint. Lewis had received his first set of oil paints from a friend the previous Christmas. The man needed four paintings, each four feet by four. Lewis spent the summer in Sherbrooke, painting for room and board and completed the four, plus a portrait of the restaurant owner's daughter and a float for the St. Jean Baptiste Day parade. "That," he says with a grin,

"was my start in art."

He moved to Kingston, Ont., and spent two years in pre-medical study at Queen's University. He painted portraits occasionally and sold freezer plans on the side. He was a terrible freezer plan salesman, he recalls, but one of his portraits still hangs in the university halls.

He moved back to New Brunswick after Queen's, and worked as a draftsman for the Department of Highways, then as art director in the premier's office and later as an artist for the federal government's study of the Saint John River Basin project. During that time, he built a minor reputation as a

medical illustrator. "It was a nine-to-five job. If you took too long on your coffee breaks, they got upset. It seemed a strange way of being creative, so I chucked it, decided I'd paint."

Those first years as a full-time painter were not serene. In 1976, Lewis' father died. Later that same year, his older brother, Robert, was killed by a drug overdose. His mother now lives near Oromocto, N.B. In 1978, Lewis created a minor controversy in Toronto when he mixed Robert's cremated ashes with paint and did a portrait of him, working from an old photograph. He was upset when *The Toronto Star* called it

ghoulish. "I didn't think of it that way at all."

PHOTOS BY STEVEN BHAI

That same year, Lewis married. But less than a year later, his marriage was faltering. By now, he was selling almost all his work to the owner of a framing gallery whose wife would eventually become his second wife. The gallery owner ended up marrying Lewis' first wife, but the two men's business arrangement crumbled under the strain. Today, Lewis has two small children by his wife, Barbara, and a daughter from her first marriage.

"Things are much better now," he says. "I'm happier and I've expanded my business—into the dining room." Today, Lewis often paints into the night, relaxing by watching television—"a cerebral vacuum"—reading or "just with a nice cup of tea." Karniol plans to sell his ballet paintings for \$500 to \$1,000 each, the black and white drawings for \$300, more than Lewis has ever asked for his work before. "He's an excellent draftsman," says

Karniol. "And realism is what people like these days."

Lewis finds the city distracting. Eventually, he'd like to have enough money to buy himself his own solitude, preferably on the east coast, "where you can look out on the ocean, walk along the beach with someone without feeling the need to talk. I don't get back there nearly as much as I'd like." And what about a national reputation? "Well," he says, "that would be nice."

Profile

Molly Bobak: A gift for finding joy

She has "a willingness to be continually surprised by the commonplace." She also has energy, skill and faith in her own sensibility. Together, they've made New Brunswick's Molly Bobak a fine artist and a great lady.

By Alden Nowlan

When Molly Lamb Bobak was a plumpish little girl with flying hair-ribbons, who lived on a farm at Burnaby Lake, B.C., and owned a donkey named Alice, her mother told her stories about a faraway place called New Brunswick. There were cosy stories about covered-up-to-the-eyes sleigh rides on frozen rivers; deliciously shivery stories in which the screams of a teamster and his horses intermingled as both were swept into eternity by the Fundy tide; even a story about a hermit who lived in the woods. For other children of her generation, the eighth continent which is the Land of Dreams was to be found in *Grimm's Fairy Tales* or *Hurlbut's Story of the Bible*; for Molly Lamb, it was her mother's New Brunswick.

Molly was 38 before she saw New Brunswick, the real New Brunswick, for the first time. By then she had seen a good deal of the world, first as a member of the Canadian Women's Army Corps, later as Canada's only woman war artist, and then as a professional painter married to another professional painter and ex-war artist, Bruno Bobak. The Bobaks had lived in London and Paris, as well as in Ottawa and Vancouver and on Galiano Island, off the B.C. coast. Now—the year was 1960—they had flown from Oslo (they had been touring Europe by station wagon) to Fredericton, where Bruno had accepted a one-year appointment as artist-in-residence at the University of New Brunswick.

The four of them—Molly, Bruno and their two young children, Sasha and Anny—arrived in New Brunswick, dog-tired and irritable. Molly remembers wondering, "Why did Mum think this place was so beautiful? It's nothing, just small and ugly and poor." From a telephone booth on Queen Street, they called the university and asked for directions to the centre of town. "You are in the centre of town," was the reply.

Twenty-one years later, and still in Fredericton, Molly says, "I love New Brunswick as much as Mum did. Things

here are on an intimate scale that a person can contain. Where else could I walk from my house to the Air Canada office in my bare feet, on grass almost all the way?" One summer night, she went out for a walk; Molly loves to walk and in Fredericton a practised walker, with sound lungs and firm leg muscles, can walk almost anywhere. Looking at the moonlit Saint John River and the lights of the Carleton Street Bridge which, as reflected in the water, resemble great golden pillars, she suddenly decided that she'd like to take a dip; she also loves to swim. "Everybody says the river is contaminated, but I think the algae take care of the pollution." So, then and there, within a few hundred feet of the down-

town business district, she stripped off and dived in. "It's as free as you can get here," she says happily.

Even foggy, smelly old Saint John "is a very beautiful city," in Molly's opinion. "That water, and those hills, and those square houses—and that lovely, misty light!" But, then, Molly Lamb Bobak is that rare kind of person, usually an artist or a mystic, but sometimes a princess or a bum, who possesses a collector's gift for finding joy the way some people possess a collector's gift for finding Indian arrow-heads. Everyone else in Fredericton bellyaches because it's necessary to travel 35 km by bus to catch a train to Montreal. To Molly, "it's great fun, especially in winter, when the train from Saint John lumbers into Fredericton Junction, with icicles hanging from its Cyclops eye."

A willingness to be continually surprised by the commonplace, combined with innate ability as a draftsman, a bottomless well of energy, and an unflagging trust in the soundness of her own sensibility, have made Molly Lamb B. (which is how she signs her work) what art historian Donald Andrus calls "one of the finest watercolorists active today," as well as "an oil painter who constructs her works like a sculptor." Andrus, a professor in the department of art history at Concordia University in Montreal, says, "Molly is a major painter, and if she is not treated as such, it is because curators and critics tend to get on bandwagons." That's another way of saying that her standing in the art world would be higher if her work were trendier.

"The art world!" From Molly's tone, it's obvious that the words leave a bad taste in her mouth. "It's such a joke. You'll see some witless piece of junk on exhibit—just a bunch of boards nailed together, and the fellow who made it will have it insured for



Bobak: She loves painting, writing and housework

JACK CUSANO

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A large bottle of Hiram Walker Swiss Chocolate Almond Liqueur is positioned on the left, its label clearly visible. To its right is a silver tray holding three different cocktails. The first cocktail, labeled "Sunrise", is a yellow drink with ice and a red straw. The second, labeled "Swiss Cow", is a light-colored drink with ice and a red straw. The third, labeled "Cappuccino", is a white drink with ice and a sprig of mint. In the foreground, a small glass of the liqueur is shown next to a chocolate truffle.

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Profile



Bobak may one day be unable to see the flowers she loves to paint



some incredible amount of money." As far as she is concerned, "*avant-garde* and academic and reactionary are all different names for the same thing. I'm glad I'm isolated from it all." A surprising attitude, perhaps, for a woman who during her childhood and youth was surrounded by art and artists.

Her parents were both rebellious scions of England's middle classes. Her mother, a schoolmaster's daughter, answered an ad in an English newspaper for a mother's helper in Canada, and wound up working for a family with 11 children in Fredericton. Later, she worked for a family of "summer people" at St. Andrews, N.B., and in the fall left the province she had come to love and accompanied them back to their winter home in Montreal. There she met the man destined to become Molly's father, "an Englishman who hated England." Harold Mortimer Lamb, a British Columbia-based mining executive who had started out in Canada as a 16-year-old farmhand, was "a wonderful painter who never exhibited," his daughter says, "and at the same time, a natural-born, Victorian capitalist." He was also an art collector, whose specialties were oriental pots, vases and statuary—and the early works of such distinguished Canadian painters as A.Y. Jackson, Frederick Varley and Emily Carr. "He loved Canada," Molly says, "that was his passion."

Besides promoting and subsidizing painters, Lamb welcomed them into his home. A young A.Y. Jackson tracked mud into the kitchen and became Molly's "Uncle Alex." She says, "He and I loved one another, right from the start." Frederick Varley, on the other hand, "hated kids—although when I got older, he used to pat me."

Given her background, it was almost inevitable that Molly would enrol in the British Columbia College of Art. There she was "bored, apathetic and distracted" until a new teacher arrived, Jack Shadboldt. "His encouragement meant a lot to me," she says. "He introduced me to a great new world." That great new world included the watercolors of Paul Cézanne. "What that man could do with an apple or a glass decanter! Suddenly, you weren't looking at an apple or a glass decanter, you were painting. I almost went crazy."

The Second World War broke out, and in 1942 she joined the Canadian Women's Army Corps. "I know you're not supposed to say things like this,

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Profile

but for me the war was a great shining hour. We girls in the CWAC hated for it to end. The war did some good things, you know. For one thing, it improved life enormously for people living in the English slums. And it got a lot of women out of a humdrum life with the narrowest possible range of choices. You have to bear in mind that being in the women's army wasn't anything at all like being in the infantry. Death was only a very remote possibility for us. It wasn't at all the same for the guys, who sat around being bored

and then went out and got killed."

Nor was it all the same for a war artist like Miller Brittain of Saint John. "He made 40 trips over Germany with the RCAF, and at the end he was almost mad; he never got over it." She pauses for a moment. "He was one of the world's great artists. I don't always understand his imagery, but I know it's good. And even at the end of his life, when he was half out of his mind with grief and loneliness and drink, he could still laugh—even laugh at himself. Oh, he was a great man, a

great artist."

One of the many refreshing things about Molly is her unstinting enthusiasm for painters whose work she admires, such as her old teacher, Jack Shadboldt. "Over 70 and still vital. One of our very great painters, a man who keeps going back to his roots, to his real knowledge of things." Molly, who says that she is "not an internationalist, not in art," and doesn't "like to paint in other countries," is also lavish in her praise of a lesser-known painter, Philip Surrey of Montreal. "He does incredible paintings of people moving about the streets. He's an old man now, and really great. Every bit as good as Edward Hopper, an American artist that everybody worships. We Canadians don't recognize our own."

She has "a tremendous respect" for the work of her husband, Bruno Bobak, whom she first met in England as the result of a contest among war artists in which he won first prize and she came second. How has being married to a fellow artist affected her work? "Well, we have nothing at all in common as painters; but over the years he has suggested all sorts of things that I've reluctantly taken up—he has been a huge influence in that way." More importantly, "I've lived for 36 years in an aura of Bruno. He has made our furniture. He used to even make dresses for me! He likes to put in windows; I like to clean them. He likes to plant gardens; I like to weed them." Might not a feminist say that as husband and wife Molly and Bruno conform to the classic sexist stereotypes? "She could say that if she liked," Molly says, indifferently. "It sounds crazy to say that I love housework, but I do. It lets your mind float free. I'd sooner scrub a floor than jog, perhaps because I belong to a generation that hates waste." She laughs. "It's so funny; people fill their houses with all kinds of labor-saving machinery, electric dishwashers and that sort of thing, and then they try to burn up their surplus energy by tearing around in satin shorts!"

The Bobaks live in a big old house—"the kind of house where the lights are always on," according to UNB art historian Stuart Allan Smith, who adds that the Bobaks "are always adopting people." They also adopt stray cats and dogs. It probably isn't true that all of the Bobak cats and dogs are strays which will have wandered off and been succeeded by other strays by the next time you call, but it seems that way.

Of Molly's paintings, Smith says,



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"She begins with a feeling, a spontaneous response, and then the discipline of a lifetime of painting takes over, and you're left with something very wise and very gifted; nothing needs to be added, and nothing needs to be taken away."

She paints in the morning: "I'd go mad if I painted all day." In the afternoon, she does housework, or cooks ("I'm the kind of cook who never measures anything"), or walks, or goes "to browse in Zellers." Her son and daughter have grown up and moved away from home, but they turn up frequently in her conversation. Sasha, 34, lives just outside of Fredericton and "looks as if he might become a Saint John River Valley farmer; I'd love it if he did." "Little Anny," 24, is an actress with a provincial touring troupe in England. "They improvise shows for little English schoolboys with red cheeks and blue knees; she's very happy."

Last month, Molly opened a new show in Montreal. She has been exploring the possibility of publishing a second book which, like her first book, *Wildflowers of Canada* (Pagurian Press, Toronto, 1978), would contain her writing as well as her pictures. The writing in *Wildflowers of Canada* was autobiographical. The new book would be a facsimile edition of her illustrated wartime diary. In addition to her other gifts, she is a natural writer, with a refreshingly unself-conscious, winsomely conversational prose style, which resembles her watercolors in that it looks easy and yet hardly anybody can do it.

The marvellous thing about the flowers in Molly Bobak's paintings is that, visually, she hasn't "picked" them. She allows a Canada lily to stand apart in its separateness, acknowledges it as an entity. She likes to paint crowds too; she did a series of crowd scenes during the last royal visit to New Brunswick. The people in her crowds look like flowers; she is as non-judgmental about them as she is about the tansies and the daisies.

She describes herself as a religious person, although not a churchgoing one. "The world contains so many beautiful things that I keep thinking there ought to be somebody to thank for all this," she says.

For the past 10 years, Molly has lived with the frightful possibility that a day may come when she can no longer see the beautiful things she paints so brilliantly, and with so much love.

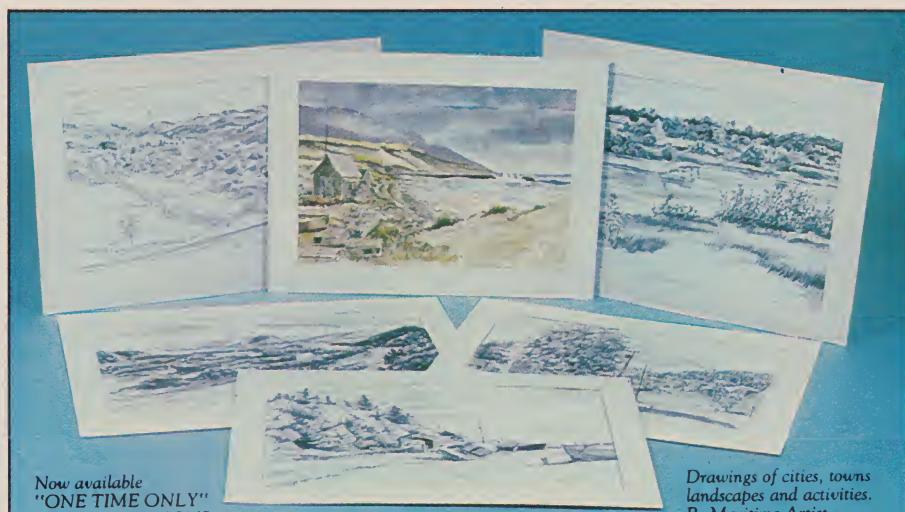
First, cataracts threatened her sight. Now she suffers from glaucoma. "A damned nuisance," she calls it. She doesn't think that her eye problems have influenced her work at all, except for a brief period when, as a result of

the cataracts, everything she painted seemed to slant slightly. The glaucoma makes it necessary for her to wear dark glasses, even indoors, because bright light is painful. "The uncertainty is the worst part of it," she says. "If the doctors said to me, 'Yes, the worst is going to happen,' I think I could deal with it. I'm a survivor."

The words are echoed by her friend and neighbor Nan Gregg. "Molly is a survivor," she says. They are re-echoed by Marjorie Donaldson, who says, "If Molly goes blind, she'll become a writer; that's the kind of person she is."

Awaiting further word from the doctors, she goes on painting, in both

watercolors and oils, and continues to allow herself to be surprised by pink cinerarias, columbines, lupins and the crowds on Fredericton's streets or Prince Edward Island's beaches. "I love the Island, but not as much as I love New Brunswick," she says. "It's too much like a garden, not wild enough." Whatever happens, she'll go on being Molly Lamb Bobak, a great lady who works in cut-off jeans and a T-shirt and likes to go skinny-dipping in the moonlight, even if the authorities have declared that the river is dangerously polluted, because she figures that algae know more about that than those guys in the Department of Health. ☒



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Harry Flemming's column

Go east, young man

Atlantic Canada used to be regarded as a dead end. Now executive recruiters call it a "hot area"

When emigration was a way of life in Atlantic Canada, there was an unvoiced belief that it was the best of us who left and the worst of us who stayed behind. Publicly, of course, we never admitted this—quite the opposite. The Maritime politician who said that the efflux of Maritimers to Toronto had "raised the IQ of two areas" may have been speaking for us but he wasn't thinking for us.

How could it be otherwise when he saw the Cunards and Beaverbrooks and Dunns and Eatons leave the region to amass their mighty fortunes elsewhere? When, decade after decade, scores of thousands left here never to return, except perhaps to bask in affluent retirement? When it seemed that talent and ambition could be realized only through The Organization, of which we were only an outpost?

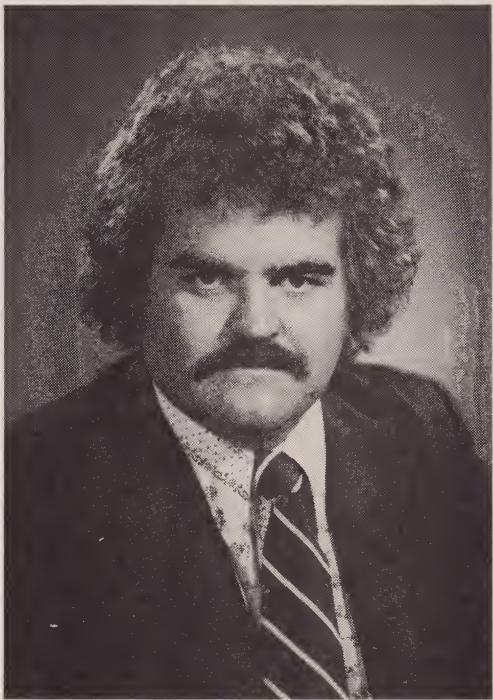
Inferiority complexes have been built on a lot less.

The low point was reached in the mid-Fifties. Canada was booming but the Atlantic part of it was stagnating. Coincidentally, it was the time when William H. Whyte, Jr. wrote his classic, *The Organization Man*. "When the [corporate] recruit joins up he does not do so because he wants to move a lot, and it is often in spite of it. But moving, he knows, has become part of the bargain, and unsettling as transfer might be, even more unsettling are the implications of not being asked to transfer....Periodic transfer, some companies are coming to believe, is a positive good in itself; and even where no immediate functional reason exists, it might often be important to move the man anyway. What better way, they ask, to produce the well-rounded



executive?" That was 25 years ago.

Today, Whyte's *Organization Man*, if not dead, is much less quick. Contemporary business literature abounds in evidence that the corporate transfer no longer is seen as a privilege and as an invaluable opportunity for advancement, but rather as destructive of family life, friendships and the desire to sink deeper roots. Faced with an unwanted transfer, executives (aided and abetted by their working wives) are increasingly using truck driver lingo: "Take this job and shove it."



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Which is good news for Atlantic Canada. Once regarded as a dead end or a way station on the road to Rome, this part of Canada is, in the argot of the executive head-hunting trade, a "hot area." Ex-Maritimers clamor to come back, knowing that at long last there may be something to come back to. Some non-Maritimers initially resist the call to the east, but once here they tend to "go native" and refuse to leave. Others, more knowledgeable about Atlantic Canada and fed up with the politics, climate, size, housing costs or a dozen other annoyances of their current location, seek out opportunities to move here.

In popular lore, medical doctors are money grubbers, mercenaries quick to jump at the highest offer. In truth, they are far from immune to the lures of the Maritimes. One Ontario-trained doctor rejected a U.S. offer of a guaranteed \$100,000-plus a year, pre-paid malpractice insurance, one-year's free rent on a four-bedroom house, and country club dues. Instead, he came to the Halifax area to work, in a three-man practice, three nights a week with no guarantee of income. His first year he made about \$30,000, a figure that undoubtedly will grow, quickly or otherwise. (Believe it or not, not all doctors have ready-made, two-hour waiting lists.)

He's in Nova Scotia "because there's an excellent living to be made here. And there's the woods and the chance to have a picnic with wood you don't have to lug in your car..." In a summary assessment, he's in Nova Scotia not because he's wed to the idea of a permanently modest standard of living but because he believes the short-run sacrifices (they're not too onerous) will lead to the best possible, all-round life. He's not alone.

Statistics Canada confirms the trend. For the first time since Confederation, the Seventies was a decade when more people came to the region than left.

Saint John-born Hugh Vincent is one of those who came back and then refused to leave. Three years ago, his national company decided to close its Halifax office in which he was resident partner. He was offered a choice of Montreal or Toronto. Instead, Vincent chose to remain in Halifax and, with a partner, opened his own management consulting firm. Corporate recruiting is a key part of the business.

Despite an increasing range of job opportunities in Atlantic Canada, Vincent says that "money is often a problem," especially since national companies are prepared to pay much higher salaries and perks to attract executives to such high-cost cities as Calgary and Vancouver. Even so, "job

satisfaction and a pleasant lifestyle frequently take precedence over remuneration."

Among regional centres, Vincent says the Halifax area ranks highest in attractiveness. Others aren't far behind, however. St. John's, Nfld., "was considered a great spot a year or so ago, but some of the sheen has gone off with the failure to resolve the offshore jurisdictional question." Saint John, N.B., he says, "has improved its image considerably," while Fredericton remains "a very pleasant town, stable and attractive." Moncton is regarded more favorably by those whose first language is French. Charlottetown still

tends to be viewed in terms of tourism.

Employers are bending over backward to help their employees handle corporate moves, but Vincent says, "Some people are resigning before they've lined up alternative employment." He cites this not as an example to follow, but to show the lengths executives will go to remain in or move to Atlantic Canada.

Recently, a Halifax real estate firm ran a TV ad which showed a happy husband and wife putting a "sold" sign on their home. The laughing couple was saying, "Toronto, here we come." Shouldn't that have been the other way around? ☒

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Writing

The Bauers of Fredericton help writers to write

And that adds up to a lot of New Brunswick writers

Like many other well and truly married couples, the Bauers of Fredericton possess a joint identity, Bill-and-Nancy. Their joint identity is Down East Yankee (he was born in Maine, she in Massachusetts of Maine ancestors), fortyish (he is 49, she is 47) and clannish (their conversation is salted and peppered with references to their children, parents, grandparents and siblings). They are both teachers; they are both writers; and they occasionally exhibit what a stranger might mistake for mild eccentricity, but their friends know to be simply untroubled self-possession. Bill collects beer bottles along the roadside—not, as you might expect of a professor at the University of New Brunswick, because he is an ecology freak, but because they're worth \$1 a dozen. (He may also be engaging in a gentle private satire on those of his colleagues who treat their own pastimes with a seriousness verging on solemnity.) On Saturday nights, Bill-and-Nancy stay up late to watch *Stacey's Country Jamboree* on TV.

Few people have done more in a quiet way to help Canadian writers than the Bauers. Since they came to New Brunswick 16 years ago, they have kept alive, year after year, an informal weekly discussion group of writers and would-be writers which has come to be known as the Ice House Gang because it meets in a cosy little seminar building that once was the UNB ice house.

Nancy is the driving force behind the Maritime Writers' Workshop which she helped to establish and which has been held for the past six summers on the UNB campus. She has also been the editor and chief dogsbody for a series of books of poetry (they have also done one collection of short stories) called the New Brunswick Chapbooks. The Bauer home has been chosen three times by Oberon Press of Ottawa, one of the country's most prestigious publishers of poetry and fiction, as the launching place for its annual list of new titles. On top of which, Bill-and-Nancy have been block parents to swarms of writers of all ages, and of every degree of talent

from Abundant to Zilch.

"New Brunswick has produced so many writers that it's almost as if it had something to do with the climate," Nancy says. "Maybe it's because we spend so much time indoors." She herself started to write seriously for the first time—"although when I was a kid I dreamed of becoming a foreign correspondent"—almost as soon as she arrived in Fredericton. "This is a place where writing is presented as something that ordinary people can do," Bill says. A specialist in 18th-century English literature, he has published two books since moving to New Brunswick, one a collection of poems, the other a collection of short stories, over the byline, W.A. Bauer.

Nancy Bauer is that exotic rarity in 20th-century North America, a gifted and accomplished writer with no compulsion to get published. She writes every morning—and writes very well—but so far the only audience for most of her work has been the Ice House Gang.

The Bauers came to Fredericton from North Carolina, where Bill had done his graduate studies. "I picked UNB from a list of universities in the back of Webster's Collegiate Dictionary," he says. Nancy fell in love with the city the first time she walked down Queen Street, pushing a baby carriage containing her then one-year-old daughter, Grace, now a freshman at Mount Allison. "Grace was dressed for the North Carolina climate, of course. And a woman—a complete stranger—said to me, 'That baby needs warmer clothes.' I realized that in other parts of the world they'd ignore you even if you were being stabbed to death; but in Fredericton, people still

cared—really cared."

Nancy helped establish the Maritime Writers' Workshop "because I wanted the housewife in Bathurst who was interested in writing to have the same opportunity as I'd had—of meeting and learning from people like Fred Cogswell, Kent Thompson and Robert Gibbs," all members of the UNB faculty, and distinguished writers. The Workshop has helped writers of many different kinds. Its graduates have published everything from poetry to Harlequin Romances. Writers who have benefitted from their association with the Bauers include:

Richard E. Crighton, a retired business executive, who as a result of attending the Workshop began a new career as the author of thrillers: One published, (*Million Dollar Lift*), one to be released in 1982 and one in the works.

David Adams Richards (*Insight*, April 1980), already at 31 the author of three novels and a collection of short



The Bauers: Good advice, offered modestly

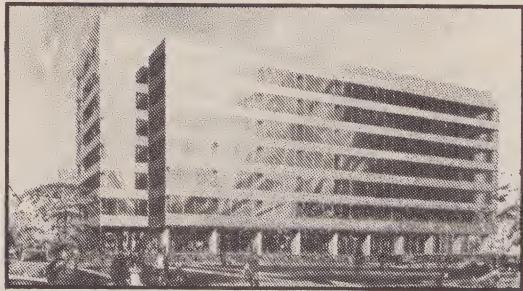
stories; his work has received wide critical acclaim, and one of his novels has been reprinted in the Soviet Union, and may be released in Czechoslovakia.

Dale Estey, who achieved the truly astonishing feat of being the author of one of the only two unsolicited novel manuscripts published in New York in 1980, a year when 30,000 of them were submitted.

Bill-and-Nancy continue to offer advice to both fledgling and experienced writers. It is always offered modestly. "I'm certainly no authority on writing," Bill says. "All that I do is prevent people from making the most egregious errors," Nancy says.

— Alden Nowlan

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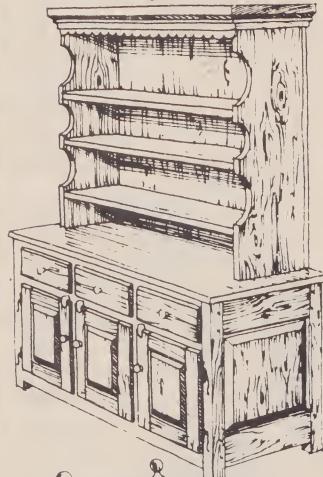
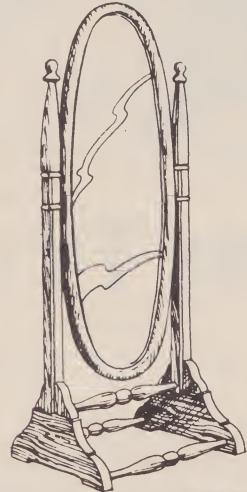
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Medicine



PHOTOS BY JACK CUSANO

Television teaches patients how to prepare for an operation, cope with arthritis, practise good nutrition

This TV channel is good for you

It's Channel 5 at St. Clare's Mercy Hospital in St. John's and it's programmed to help patients get better

It's a television guide, all right, but there's something odd about it. Where are the listings for the game shows, the sit-coms, the soap operas? Instead, there are programs like *Pregnancy and Nutrition*, *Preparing for Your Operation* and *The Homemaker with Arthritis*. It's the program guide for Channel 5, the patient education system at St. Clare's Mercy Hospital in St. John's, Nfld.

St. Clare's isn't the only hospital with an educational television department. But most hospitals use educational TV mainly to train medical staff. At St. Clare's, the emphasis is on educating patients. The channel broadcasts on a closed-circuit cable throughout the hospital, eight hours a day, Monday through Friday. Patients can watch programs from their rooms or from lounges on every floor of the hospital.

The department also has begun reaching outside the hospital: Department head Mary Kennedy and assistant producer Michael Dawson are helping edit films for use in high schools. One St. Clare's film, about a young man dying of lung cancer, has already been shown in some local schools. In that film, hospital staff acted in all the roles, and the former department

director sang the theme song. That's the usual practice with St. Clare's productions. "We have very little funding when it comes to hiring professional talent," Kennedy says. "Most of our funds go to daily operations and maintaining equipment, so we use hospital staff in our films. It's worked out very well. We seem to have a lot of real hams on staff here."

Using staff as actors isn't the only feature that distinguishes this channel from commercial television. Programs have to reach the people they're designed to help, and this can be a tricky business. Films on post-childbirth experience have to be shown when the mothers are free to watch them, after the babies are fed and returned to the nursery. And the program on preparing for an operation is slated for late afternoon, when surgical patients are through with x-rays and examinations for the day.

St. Clare's set up an educational television system in 1972, videotaping surgery to teach medical students. In the next five years, the television department occasionally prepared programs for patients, and in the summer of 1977, the staff started developing a patient-education channel. It went on the air in August of that year.

Kennedy, a former schoolteacher who left the classroom to get a master's degree in education from Memorial University in St. John's, came to St. Clare's after a stint at the University of Indiana.

This summer, Kennedy directed an evaluation of Channel 5. Staff inter-

viewed patients, and a computer analysed audience response to certain films. "We're looking for prescriptions for the future," Kennedy says. "We want to find out what we're doing wrong, as well as what we're doing right."

One finding that surprised Kennedy was that patients don't really mind the gaps between shows. "Patients don't get to watch two shows in a row, anyway," she says. "They're always having to see the doctor or go for an x-ray or whatever, so they can't sit and watch for long stretches of time." To fill in the dead-air space, though, she's preparing a series of short, health-care commercials, some with cartoons. The first was a cartoon about a slim office worker who gets progressively fatter as she snacks on junk food. Another has an anti-smoking message.

Kennedy also wants to start filming more complex subjects. "For instance, we have films on pregnancy and birth. Well, now we'd like to produce programs on problem births." And she hopes Channel 5 soon will have a wider audience. "The patient isn't just a sick person, he's a person," she says. "His illness affects other people too—family, friends. We're trying to promote maintenance—good health practices—and that doesn't concern only those already in hospital. I'd like to get some of our programs on the local cable channel where they can reach more people. It's important to go beyond the hospital. Right now, this is a good patient-education medium, but it could be a community education effort, too."

—Elizabeth Hanton



Director Kennedy

or from lounges on every floor of the hospital.

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Television spokesman Ken Colby stands in front of a pumpjack in Alberta's oil country. The pumpjack extracts conventional oil, the kind of oil that has been a declining resource in Canada for ten years.

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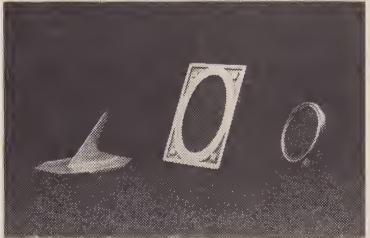
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Health

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CHEYLLEAN

The stately old house in Paradise, outside Bridgetown in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley, exudes a sense of calm. The stone fence, the great shade trees, the trim lawn, the swimming pool and tennis courts suggest an oasis of serenity where passion and anxiety find no place. But the young woman perched on the edge of the Chippendale chair in one of the carpeted reception rooms can barely speak. Her husband stonily explains that he can hardly ever convince her to make love with him. Their marriage is at the breaking point.

Bill and Jean Morse listen sympathetically. They know a hundred variants of this story, and as Atlantic Canada's only fully trained, certified sex therapists, they are committed to putting these two back in touch with themselves, and with one another. If they fail, the next professionals the couple consult may well be lawyers, and the whole ravaging ritual will follow—separation, divorce, guilt and black depression, fatherless children, another bruised and lonely man, another bitter and isolated woman.

"Let's go back to the beginning," Jean Morse says gently.

The Morses' own beginnings go back to wartime at Halifax's Dalhousie University, where Jean graduated in biology in 1944 and Bill in medicine a year later. He went on to specialize in internal medicine and to teach endocrinology at Dalhousie, while she mothered six children and won a master of social work degree. In 1966, they moved to Yarmouth, where Bill established a private practice and Jean worked in a family service agency

doing adoptions.

"In my practice," Bill remembers, "I routinely did detailed interviews with patients who had been referred to me, and I kept turning up more and more instances of sexual dysfunction, especially after 1970. These were things I couldn't deal with, and I kept inquiring whether Halifax had any sex counselling or planned any, and the answer was no. I'd read Masters and Johnson's *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, which came out in 1970, and their therapy claimed better results than the psychiatrists were getting. And, added to all that, I was about ready for a career change anyway."

"So was I," says Jean, nodding. "When I began doing adoption placements, we might find a child for a couple within about 10 days, but by the time I resigned, the waiting time was up around three years, so it wasn't really a very active job anymore. And I'd been counselling adoptive couples, too, so I was seeing some of the things Bill was seeing."

Masters and Johnson were looking for therapist trainees—they accept about one couple a year—and they wanted one partner to be a physician and the other to hold a master's degree or better in a social science program. In 1975, the Morses moved to St. Louis, Mo., for a strenuous year at the pioneering Reproductive Biology Research Foundation. They listened to tapes, watched therapy sessions, paired up with experienced therapists, did therapy themselves. When they came home, they moved into Bill's ancestral home in Paradise, set up office hours in Halifax, and began scratching at the tip of a very large iceberg.

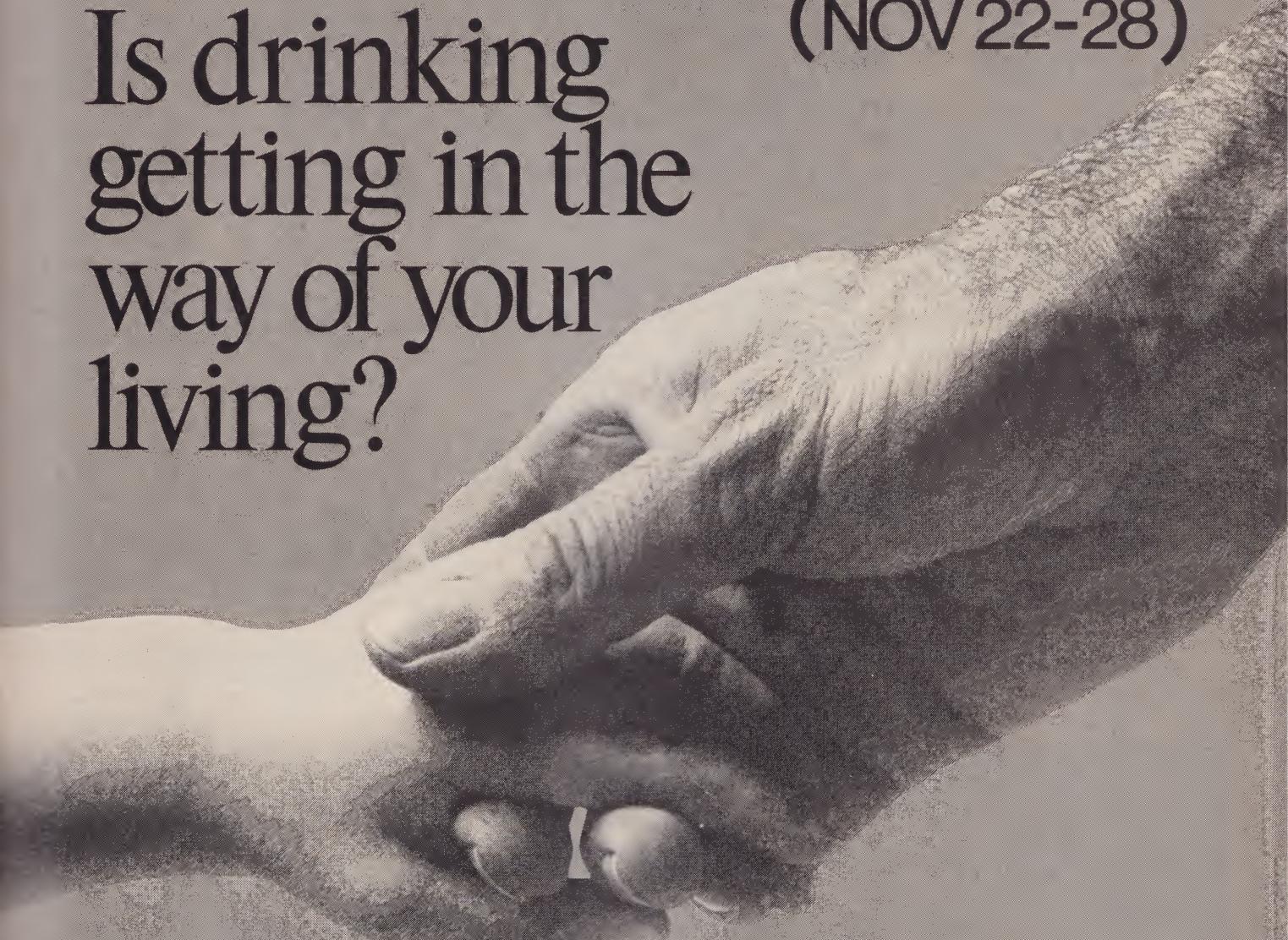
The Paradise location seemed ideal: Counselling, stretching over several days, works best when the couple is away from the distractions of home and isolated from family and work. Today, the Morses spend one day a month in Halifax, doing only assessment interviews. Patients come to them by referral, mostly from family doctors and psychiatrists but also from social workers, psychologists and clergy.

The Morses' therapy begins with a three-hour assessment session, which includes a physical examination. Per-

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Health

haps 10% to 15% of dysfunctions have physical causes. Masters and Johnson's view, say the Morses, is that men are better able to understand male problems, and vice versa, so Bill interviews the husband and Jean the wife; then each talks to the other about the spouse. After taking physical and social histories, the Morses confer, and end with a four-way "sum-up" session.

Full-scale therapy brings the couple to Paradise for two weekends and the intervening week. They stay at local motels, and see the Morses for about an hour a day. For the first few days, the couple refrain from intercourse, and follow a program of "sensate focus," touching and caressing exercises designed to explore pleasure and to give practice in communicating. Later, the Morses zero in on specifically sexual problems like erectile difficulties, failure to achieve orgasm, or premature ejaculation.

After their nine days, the couple may return for an hour, a day, a weekend, as required. Success is hard to measure, but most couples report real improvement. Many of the problems stem from guilt and anxiety, often traceable to forgotten childhood experiences—scoldings for touching one's genitals, for instance. Solid information and reassurance can often make a surprising difference.

Bill Morse no longer practises general medicine, but "we're comfortably busy," he says. Medical Services Insurance pays for his part in the therapy, but not his wife's. Both the Morses work one day a week on the staff of the Fundy Mental Health Centre in Wolfville. Has devoting themselves to sex therapy paid off in more than financial ways? Definitely.

"I'm impatient by nature," says Jean Morse, "and this kind of therapy makes good sense to me. I've seen therapies drag on for years, which is very expensive both in time and money, but with our program couples can see a change for the better in nine days."

"One thing I'd like to get across," says Bill, "is that the younger generation has its own series of myths, and these cause some real problems. Readers of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* develop unrealistic expectations and sexual goals—and then, when they can't meet them, they get anxious about their own performance, and that really causes problems for them. A man's erectile capability is a rather fragile thing."

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— Silver Donald Cameron

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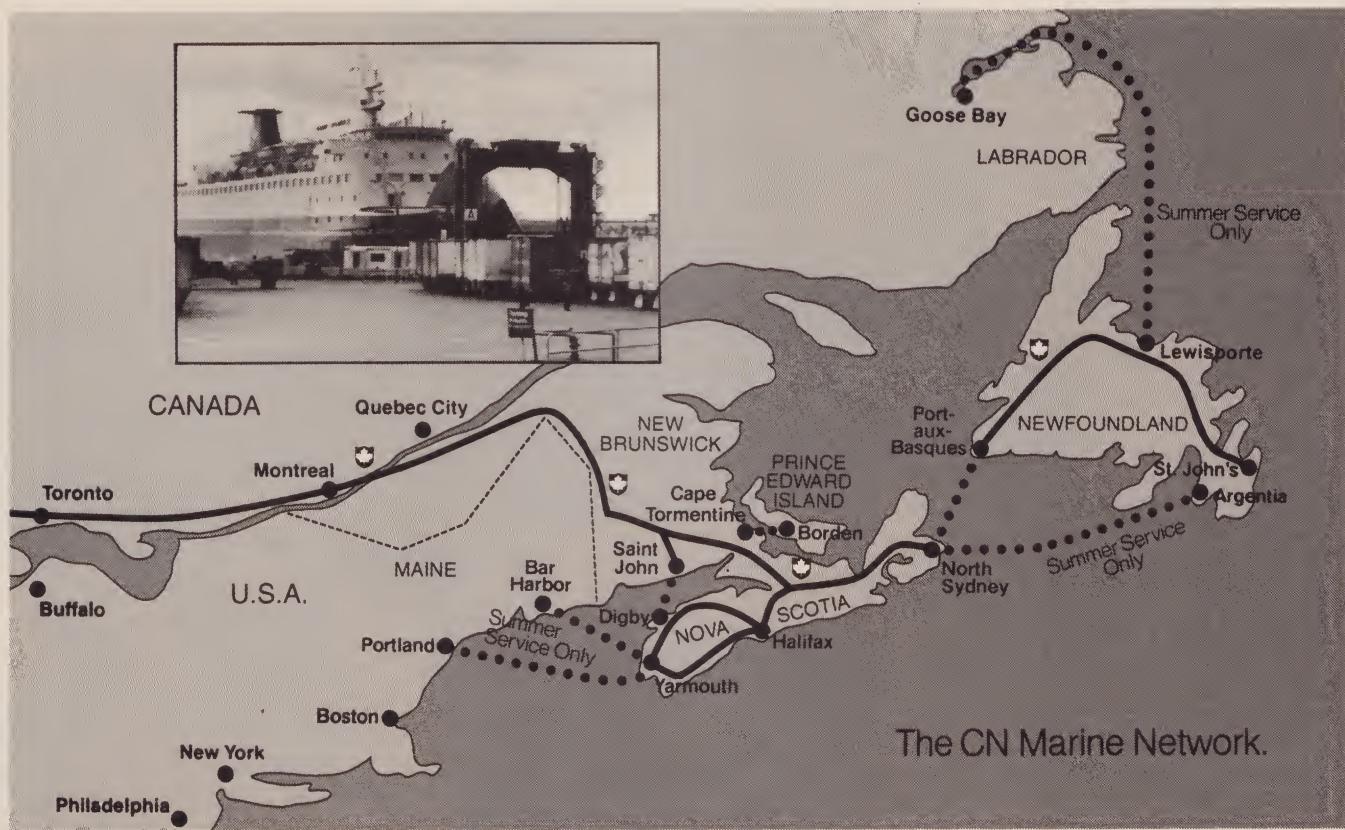
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Movies



Jeremy Irons and Meryl Streep in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*

Playwright Pinter spoils an (almost) fine movie

The French Lieutenant's Woman has a terrific cast, stunning cinematography, a great story line—and an insufferably clever script

By Martin Knelman

Among playwrights who write for the movies, there is one clear, undisputed champion of the age—Harold Pinter. His very name lends intimations of prestige to a movie project. On the stage, of course, Pinter has been adored, loathed, and argued about for a quarter of a century. From *The Birthday Party* (1958) to *Betrayal* (1979), Pinter plays have been filled with clever games, mysterious anxieties, enigmatic bits of memories and insinuations, ominous pauses and dramatic revelations about events that may or may not have happened.

Two of Pinter's original plays have been filmed—*The Homecoming* and *The Birthday Party*. But Pinter's sensibility has made its mark on moviegoers who have never been near a theatre where one of his plays was

running, who have never seen the film adaptations of his plays, and who may

have only the vaguest awareness of who he is.

Usually the work of adapting successful novels for the screen is a thankless, anonymous job. You don't generally remember who adapted a film version of a book by Graham Greene or John O'Hara—you just remember that the film was based on a book by one of these famous authors. Yet in the 1960s Pinter wrote a number of adaptations of novels by other people, and managed to inject so much of his own sensibility that the original authors tended to get lost in the shuffle. *The Servant* was based on a novel by Robin Maugham, *The Pumpkin Eater* on a novel by Penelope Mortimer, *The Quiller Memorandum* on a novel by Adam Hall, *Accident* on a novel by Nicholas Mosley, and *The Go-Between* on a novel by L.P. Hartley. In 1971, a publishing house brought out a collection of these scripts, entitled simply *Five Screenplays by Harold Pinter*.

Now we have *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, one of the classiest, most literary productions of 1981. Here again, Pinter's sensibility imposes itself on the material. His collaborators include John Fowles, one of the world's most successful novelists; Karel Reisz, the distinguished English director; and Meryl Streep, one of the most respected actresses of her generation.

The story is a period yarn, and the movie is full of exquisite visual detail. The story has sweep and passion: Streep plays a young woman who becomes an outcast in a small seaside town because of her alleged affair with a married stranger. Jeremy Irons, in his first major movie role, is marvellous as the Victorian gentleman who gives up his family, career and place in

Hilton McRae (left) plays Sam, the valet



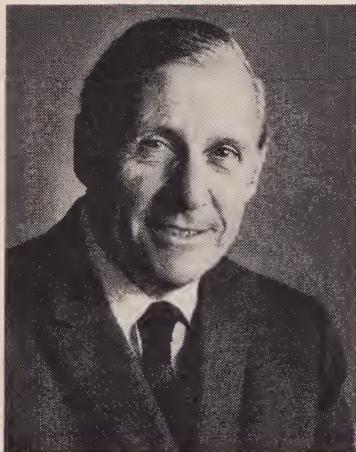
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JOHN EDWARD BELLIVEAU the author, is a former journalist, advertising executive, and political advisor. His first book, *The Coffin Murder Case* (1956), led to a review of that famous trial by the Supreme Court of Canada. Other books include: *A Place Called Pointe du Chene*, *The Splendid Life of Albert Smith and the Women He Left Behind*, *Running Far In*, *Little Louis and the Giant KC*.

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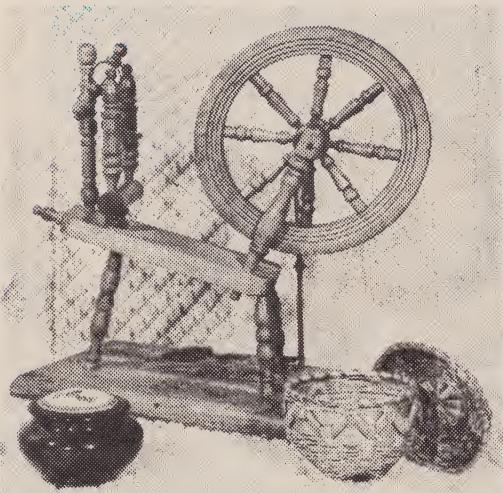
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Movies



Lynsey Baxter as the rich, selfish Ernestina

society to run away with her, only to have her disappear on him. There's a terrific supporting cast, stunning cinematography and many other production values to admire in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*.

But the dominant element in this peculiar movie is the cleverness of Harold Pinter's script. And I don't use the word "clever" in an admiring way; I find Pinter's hand here and elsewhere insufferably, irritatingly clever. In *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, that cleverness is built right into the structure of the script.

Pinter gives us a double story: Streep and Irons play not only Victorian characters but modern movie actors filming the Victorian story, and a parallel drama is set up. The two principal performers are carrying on a secret, illicit affair during the filming. Can their relationship survive when the movie shoot is over? We keep flashing in and out of the Victorian melodrama, and this is a form of illusion-and-reality game.

In a way, this is a brilliant device, because we can see that it is an equivalent to the playful Victorian literary conceits that Fowles built into his book. But the effect of Pinter's cute games is to throw us right out of the movie. It's a signal that the people who made the movie were afraid to tell a Victorian Gothic story straight; they wanted to hedge their bets, and keep pulling back to remind the audience that they're too hip and cool to get entirely caught up in a 19th-century romance.

In the end, *The French Lieutenant's Woman* stands as a classic example of how Harold Pinter's damn cleverness can cancel out what should have been a very good time at the movies.

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Movies



Kristy McNichol (left) and Marsha Mason in *Only When I Laugh*

Only When I Laugh

Written by the appallingly prolific Neil Simon and starring his wife, Marsha Mason, *Only When I Laugh* is the mother-daughter version of *Tribute*, but with booze instead of cancer. Like *Tribute*, *Only When I Laugh* uses manic Broadway-style gags (such as "She's the only person I know who dresses up for depression" or "I just found a Sara Lee plum cake under your bed") to punctuate an inspirational, embarrassingly serious story that virtually drips with schlock pathos.

A decade ago, this material began life as a Broadway play called *The Gingerbread Lady*, a vehicle for Maureen Stapleton. It failed then, but Simon has dragged it out of the closet as a second-hand movie vehicle for Mason, who earlier starred in Simon's *The Goodbye Girl* and *Chapter Two*.

Georgia is an alcoholic actress, divorced and worked over, who faces the monumental challenge of staying off the sauce while trying to live under the same roof for the first time in years with her daughter (Kristy McNichol), now an insufferably pert high school senior. Georgia's two best friends,

played by Joan Hackett and James Coco, are, respectively, a clotheshorse about to be jilted by her husband on her 40th birthday, and an adorable, fat homosexual actor who spouts wise-cracks faster than Fran Lebowitz.

Then there's this ex-lover, a playwright who has struggled for years with writers' block and has finally, with the help of his shrink, broken through it by writing a play about his rotten relationship with Georgia. He has the gall to invite her to play herself—a drunken, foul-mouthed witch—and she actually accepts the part. Just a minute: Is it liquor that's Georgia's real problem, or masochism?

Before the fadeout, Georgia gets roaring drunk, gets beaten up by a stranger, and comes to a deep understanding with her daughter. "When I was in high school," she says wistfully at one point, "I wanted to be Susan Hayward." Creepily enough, Susan Hayward is precisely what Marsha Mason seems to have become. Though wringing its hands over the perils of alcohol, *Only When I Laugh* is actually just the sort of ghastly mess that drives moviegoers to drink.

— M.K.

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Curse Hibernia! It killed the good old poverty scam



Hibernia is playing hell with my old lifestyle. It's making me stinking rich and I don't think I can handle that. This is an attempt, futile, I dare say, to save myself.

If everyone else here had the same problem I think I could live with it. But among more fortunate Newfoundlanders proud poverty and carefree unemployment are actually on the upswing, God be praised. Even Crosbie enterprises have had some reverses.

That, you might think, is rather like a harp repair shop in heaven going knockers up. Not so. Mainlanders are getting an imperfect picture of recent events here in the Happy Province.

That's because their press, inflamed by itself and the extravagant attitudes put around by Mr. Peckford, has us all prematurely rolling around like swine in excrement in the filthy riches of gas and oil.

But quaint and contented poverty is still the general ticket. The only group to be swamped so far by Hibernian wealth is we handful of local freelance journalists. The mainland press, mad keen to have its audience know what it's like to have stinking riches for all descend on Newfoundland, have encumbered us with a steady shower of scandalously large cheques in return for the luscious details.

It's got to stop. In the vain hope of forestalling fresh embarrassments of riches from *The Globe and Mail*, *Maclean's* magazine, the CBC and the rest of them, I've decided to set down the standard questions and answers here, once and for all:

Question: Now that you, a typical Newfie, have been indirectly made stinking rich by Hibernia, what's it really like?

Answer: I foresee a bleak future for Newfoundland if gas and oil means that everyone else here eventually wallows in luxury as I already do. As one of the handful who have truly prospered (in a roundabout way) through the discoveries in Iceberg Alley, I find I have come too far, too fast. My personality has altered and my old friends shun me, both of them. Even though I can now afford weekly baths in hot water.

Question: What's the biggest heart-

ache involved in being jerked from the mire of abject poverty, the natural state of all Newfies, to the heady pinnacle of petroleum pasha?

Answer: Indubitably, the suffering of the children. They're now jeered or avoided on the playground because the patches on their clothing are put on with smaller and neater stitches than are those on the garments of their little playmates. Their mother is accused of being able to loll around at home in squalid luxury with more time to waste on the patching.

Question: You, as bellwether and guinea pig of the staggering wealth soon to afflict the rest of your countrymen, say the path to true happiness lies elsewhere?

Answer: You are damned tooting. In the dirt-poor but happy days of yore all we had to peddle abroad was pickled herring and our poverty, and a pleasant little racket it was, too. Poverty is a self-renewing resource. For instance, from one year's end to the next, *Today* magazine might pester me only once—and that around the Yuletide for reminiscences of poverty-stricken yet quaint and merry Christmases in Newfoundland.

Thus was I kept poverty-stricken and my reminiscences were all the more keen and poignant for it. All us artistes had a fine old time of it painting, singing and writing about the grinding poverty of Newfoundland, yet remained in no danger of losing our status thereby. Now, "Newfpov" goes begging for markets on the mainland because no one there believes it exists anymore.

Instead, there are crippling fortunes to be made these days by telling outsiders how oil-crazed and wealthy we're all supposed to have become.

Question: Why do Newfies, once the most docile and deferential race that ever trod shoe leather down at the heel, now hate mainlanders' guts?

Answer: Because mainlanders now hate our guts for being stinking rich and oil-crazed, which, since we're not, is hateful. If you follow. Yet the stinkin'-rich-already theory is the only one the mainland media'll buy, so...

Question: Into what do you plow your own stinking riches?

Answer: Gin and medical advice.

Question: Have you ever thought of getting a second opinion? How widely are mainland guts hated in Newfie?

Answer: Strictly speaking, it is Ontario that is the Great Satan. Cape Bretoners have never called us "nigger," if only out of consideration for the black race. I would say that roughly three-quarters of the households in Newfoundland today have a jar of formaldehyde on the mantelpiece in which are several feet of guaranteed mainland intestine.

In fact, they are processed by a factory in Quebec and once belonged to Newfoundland ponies shipped there for the pot. And, no, if you want a feature article on that at special rates from me, I'm already dickering with Walt Disney Inc.

These jars of ersatz mainland viscera are glowered at hatefully before meals and in more orthodox families also in the morning and before bedtime.

Question: Is the shortage of Mercedes and Rolls mechanics the most appalling problem facing Newfoundland today?

Answer: Not since the week before last when a fresh shipload arrived, mostly the younger sons of sheiks.

Question: What have you done personally in an attempt to shake off the curse of premature Hibernian stinking riches?

Answer: I offered to burn my ACTRA card on national TV, but ACTRA cautioned me that I'd have to accept supra-special rates for the performance. I've tried to donate my Writer's Union membership to a worthy cause like Farley Mowat, but *Saturday Night* threatened to commission a first-person account of it. Global television wants a script dealing with my real-life tragedy and, damned albatross, who better for the starring role?

Question: Will you scatter the ludicrously inflated fee for this article among your fellow Newfies as a help to preparing themselves to meet the anguish of untold riches soon to befall them?

Answer: Hell, no. I wouldn't wish the suffocating burden of that on any old dog, let alone Newfoundland ones.

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